

GQ AUSTRALIA

GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY

INTERVIEW

GRANT HACKETT BACK ON THE BLOCKS

AND BACK FROM ROCK BOTTOM

REPORT

REHAB TOURISM

WHY MORE AUSSIE ADDICTS ARE CLEANING UP ABROAD

NICK KYRGIOS "WHAT GOES ON TOUR STAYS ON TOUR"

STYLE

189+

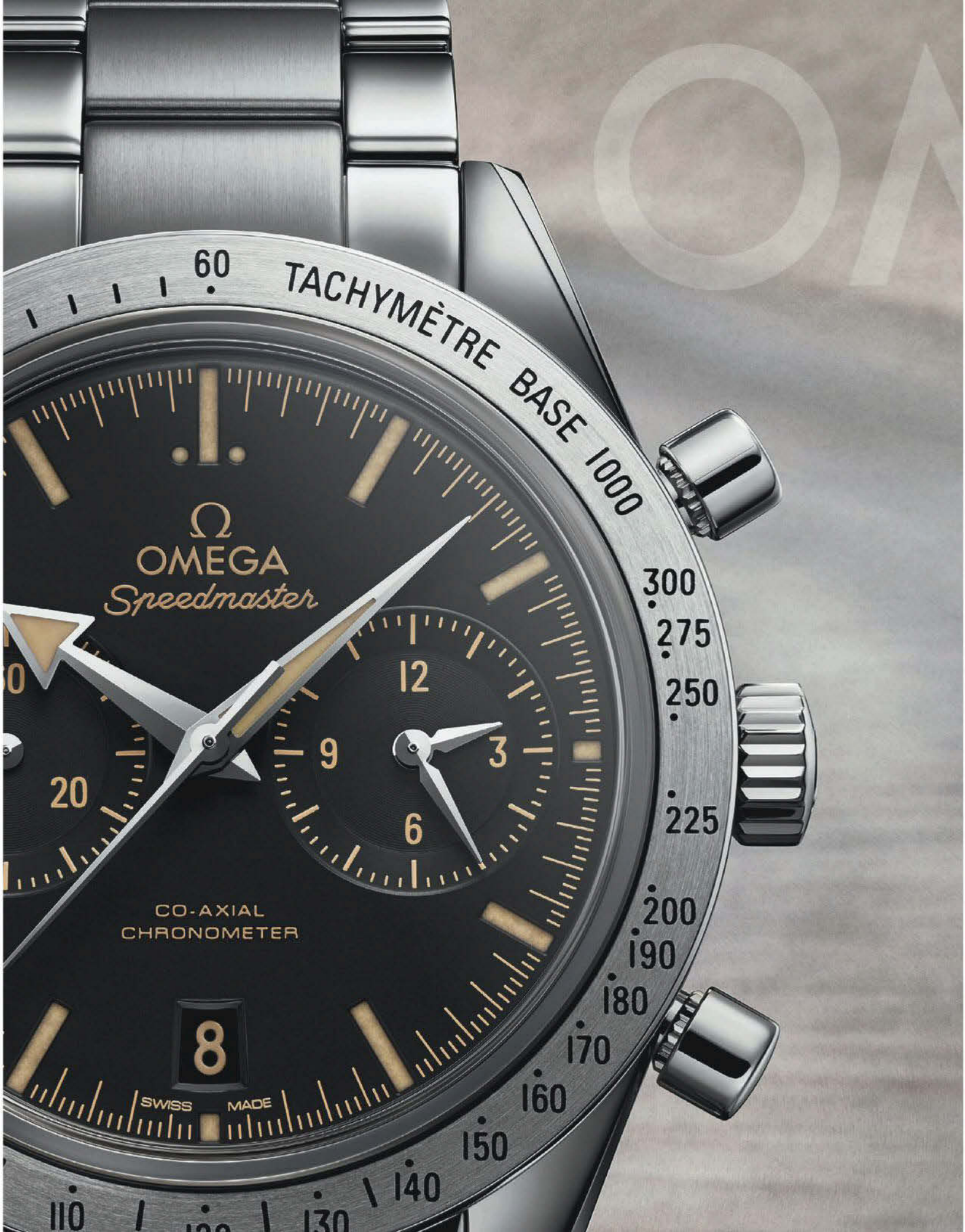
WAYS TO KICK THE COLD AND WIN OVER WINTER

EXCLUSIVE

RYAN GOSLING

NOW HE'S CALLING THE SHOTS. BUCKLE UP FOR A WILD RIDE

A$AP ROCKY | CARS | JAPANESE PORN | BOWIE | GIRLS

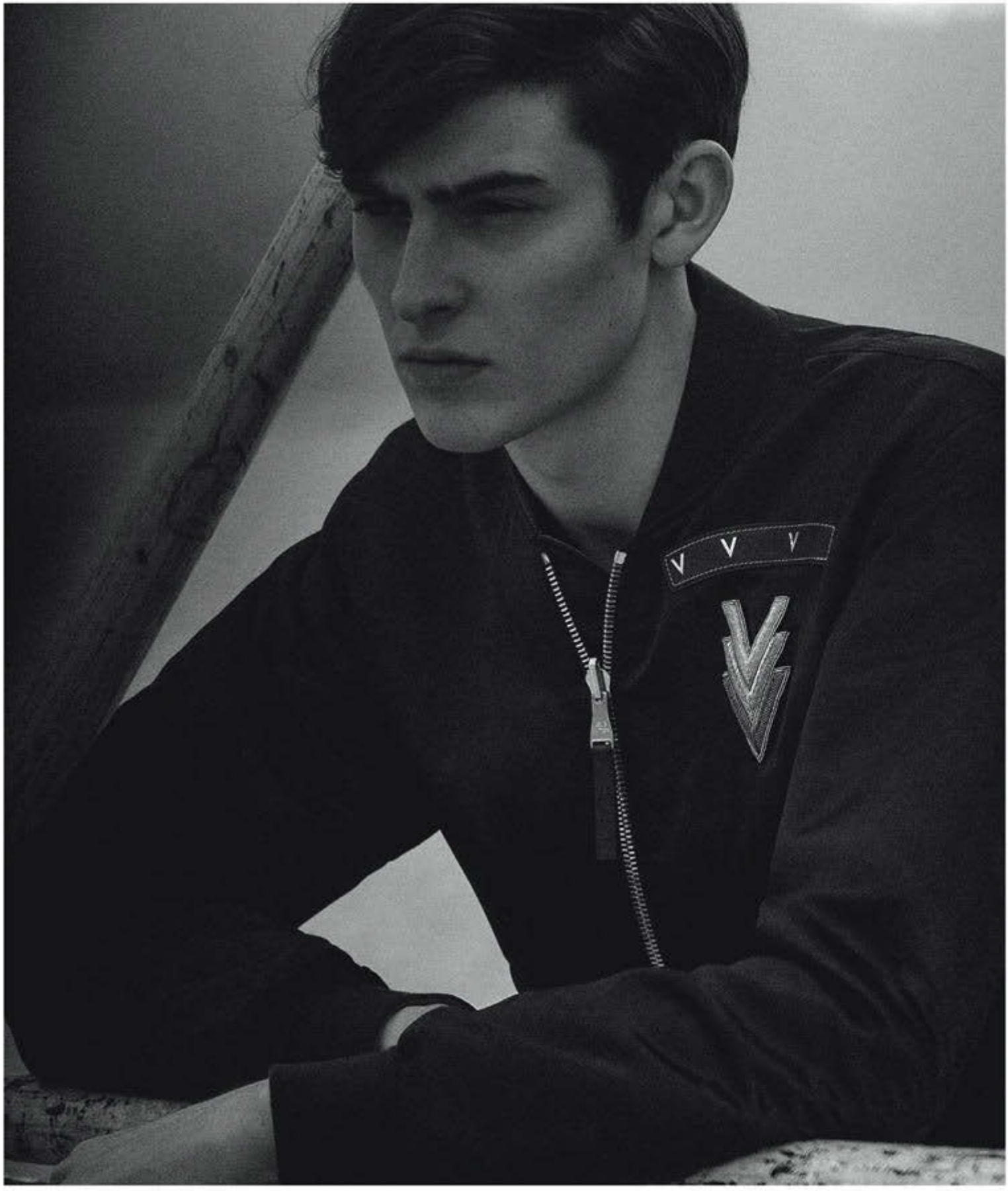

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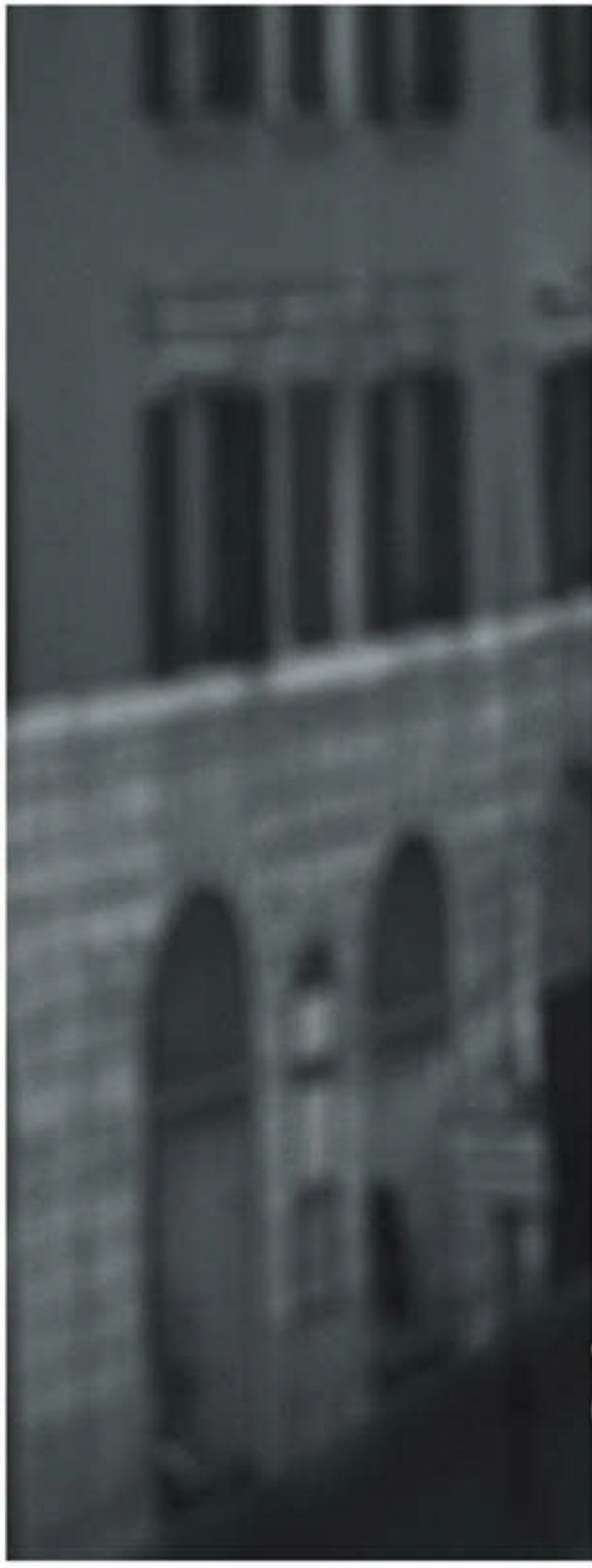


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THE SOURCE

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Ethan Hawke
New York, November 2014

2017









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GUCCI

Editor's Letter



On May 3, Carrie Bickmore became a national treasure. Stepping on stage at Crown Towers' ballroom to accept her gold statuette at the 57th Logie Awards, she forewent the expected acceptance monologue, donned a blue beanie on her golden Logie locks and took the opportunity to tell the one million watching about brain cancer. What a hero. The courageous decision was both in memory of her late husband, who'd battled and lost his fight to the disease, and one that single-handedly gave the awards ceremony relevance, by showing the true power of television. The next day, coverage of the best and worst dressed was overtaken by something altogether more newsworthy – the need for awareness of brain cancer, the need to raise funds for brain cancer research and the devastating effects the disease has on the lives of its patients and their families.



CARRIE BICKMORE AT THE 2015 LOGIE AWARDS.

Twelve months ago, almost to the day, my father was diagnosed with a grade-4 brain tumour – known as glioblastoma multiforme or GBM. It's a brain tumour made known in Australia by the tragic passings of broadcaster Stan Zemanek and head and neck surgeon Dr Chris O'Brien. Any further explanation of a prognosis is redundant.

A year on, the notion that this has struck my Dad is a recurring bad dream made true. Six months prior to the news, life was great – I'd carved some time from my career to buy and renovate an old Victorian terrace house in Sydney's inner-west. Dad is a builder and carpenter. Retired, but still up for the job of helping me out. And really, he had no choice. He'd work through the week, and we'd work together over the weekend. The improvements followed the usual reno story of the desire for minor redecoration, snowballing to the need to replace floorboards, architraves, even ceilings. So disastrous, but so much fun. We bonded like we never had before. I really learnt what Dad was like, realised how talented a builder he was, and discovered his pride in my achievements.

That time spent with him was meant to be. Because a week after he finished putting up a new ceiling in one of the second-storey bedrooms – the last job



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before painters and floor sanders were coming in to finish up – he started to complain of dizziness and a weakness in his left arm.

In the weeks that followed, Dad and his GP went through the rounds of trying to discover what was wrong. Was it a virus? No. Was it blood pressure related? No, it wasn't. Was it his heart? No, not that either. That was all good. Next step then, an MRI. At the time, we thought it overzealous to suggest the problem was to do with Dad's brain.

I remember that day, calling Dad in the morning, and reassuring him that he'd be fine. I was on the way to a client meeting and he was on the way to the test. That evening, he took himself to the GP for the results. I'd have given anything to be there as the doctor gave him the news. "It's not good," he said, and sent Dad home with an MRI report noting four lesions in his brain.

And that, to some extent, was it – Dad had brain cancer. But it took a week to fully sink in. There's the googling of medical terms on that first sheet of paper, the further tests, the biopsy and the neurosurgeon who confirms a malignant tumour's presence, the meeting with the oncologist that explains what Dad has and what the treatment plan will be.

Each moment, as the sinister nature of the tumour unveils itself, you cling to the thought it's all just a big mistake. A misdiagnosis. But that never materialises.

Usual treatment and best stats for survival for a tumour of this nature is to remove as much of it as possible, then follow up with rounds of radio and chemotherapy to keep it at bay. However, Dad's delightful tenant positioned itself such that it is inoperable, and so the latter two therapies have been our only options.

It's been a year of ups and downs and it's meant a lot of life adjustments, not least for my poor Dad. My sister has been so good to care for him full-time as his mobility has been the worst affected. And he's been so brave to take on the spills and symptoms of living with brain cancer and the prospect of the unknown. We've never really asked the question, 'how long?' Doing so would take away the last thing we have to hold on to – hope.

It's a strange relationship, the one you have with brain cancer. The more you find out, the less you want to know. Endless research on new drug trials and treatments, for the most part, deliver dead ends as any progress seems years away. And every time you do research, the low survival statistics are reiterated again and again and again.

My sister was sitting with Dad watching the morning news the day after Bickmore's memorable speech and that hostile relationship again surfaced. They watched as Australia woke up to this disease via a clean sweep of beanie-wearing TV hosts raising much-needed awareness. But then the reality for many brain cancer patients was there to slap them right in the face, as TV hosts spoke to cancer expert after cancer expert, each stating the painful line, 'there is no cure.'

So, following Bickmore's request and lead, I'm taking this opportunity to raise awareness for the need for brain cancer research funding, so we can create a better prognosis for thousands of families and patients going through what we are. And I thank my Dad for being so brave to let me tell his story as one example representing the experience of many.

Let this column serve as my beanie and I ask you to support or donate to the Cure Brain Cancer Foundation.

Enjoy the issue,



Nick Smith
EDITOR IN CHIEF

FOLLOW NICK
@NICK_SMITHGQ

AS THE SINISTER NATURE OF THE TUMOUR UNVEILS ITSELF, YOU CLING TO THE THOUGHT IT'S ALL JUST A BIG MISTAKE. A MISDIAGNOSIS. BUT THAT NEVER MATERIALISES.

CURE BRAIN CANCER

Cure Brain Cancer Foundation is the largest dedicated funder of brain cancer research in Australia. Partnering with the research and brain cancer communities, it's developing a national agenda and influencing the global initiative for brain cancer research. Its overall mission is to improve the five-year survival rate to 50 per cent over the next 10 years. Today, that rate is just 22 per cent, meaning the outlook for most patients is bleak. To reach this goal, it aims to raise funds for brain cancer research that offers patients accelerated access to promising new treatments. Go to *curebraincancer.org.au* to donate or to participate in the calendar of fundraising events. And take a beanie selfie, hashtagging #beanieforbraincancer to further raise awareness.



JAEGER-LECOULTRE

Open a whole new world

Charlie Pickering | iQ

SLICING UP THE INVISIBLE RULES OF LIFE



We live by lots of different rules. Some, like 'thou shalt not kill', have been around as long as we have, and are so significant they've become law. Others are less important, and our obedience is more contingent on convenience than morality. These include parking restrictions, or not chewing with your mouth open. Then there are the rules we don't know exist, until we break them. Two spring to mind – both I've learnt the hard way, both at the hands of vegetarians.

The first was at university. I was in an all-night study group, working late to cram for an exam. At about nine o'clock, the consensus was pizza would increase our concentration. Being students, we scraped together just enough money for one family-size effort, which worked out at one and a half slices each. I was in charge, so gauged everyone's preferences. Some liked supreme, some margarita, but the two pizzas of choice were meat lovers' and vegetarian. I made the order. When they arrived, all hell broke loose.

I thought half-vegetarian/half-meat lovers' would be a crowd pleaser: everyone getting what they wanted within the budget. Apparently for meat to be present on a pizza with any notion of vegetarianism was not only unpopular, it was also highly offensive. Burned. My best efforts to please mean nothing to a passionate herbivore.

So invisible rule No.1: no meat on vegetarian pizzas. Writing it out actually makes it pretty obvious. Lesson learnt.

Fifteen years later, turns out lesson not learnt. Cue invisible rule No.2.

Monday night, a group of writers were staying late, cramming to finish the script for a TV show. The budget was higher than at uni, and everyone could definitely afford to have substantially more than one and a half slices. For eight people, I ordered eight large pizzas. Two vegos, so I ordered two vegetarian pizzas. All the rest had some kind of meat. Pizzas arrived, the eating commenced and everyone was getting along fine. But when I went for seconds, things hotted up.

"You can't have that pizza."

"I may have put on a little winter condition of late, but that doesn't call for a full pizza ban," I said, laughing off the confrontation.

"No. You're about to have a slice of vegetarian pizza. But you're not a vegetarian. You're breaking the rules." I soon realised that this wasn't as frivolous a conversation as I first thought.

"What rules?" Clearly I had forgotten about the jurisdictions of mixed-dietary needs.

"The vegetarian pizzas are only for vegetarians rule."

While I now understood the virtue in invisible rule No.1, I had some profound objections to this latest one. Pizza is pizza and seconds are seconds, no? Surely it's open slather by round two. I sensed I might have the support of the room. I also sensed that if you convince a room of your case, you could overturn an invisible rule. I went for it. I was proven wrong.

"Are you genuinely going to have an entire large pizza to yourself?"

"That's not the point. The point is a vego doesn't have the luxury of choice. Whereas you have a pick of all the pizzas."

"Apparently not. Apparently some are out of bounds."

"That's right. This way it's all fair."

This was rapidly escalating, and I was about to make it worse.

"No, that isn't fair. I am an omnivorous being. I am biologically capable of eating meat or vego pizzas. But that choice has been taken away from me by someone who believes their choices need to be forced on everyone. You know who else was a vegetarian?"

"Are you about to say what I think you're about to say?"

I paused and gathered my thoughts for the first time in the conversation. I then realised everyone in the room had stopped eating pizza and was looking at me with a genuine sense of disbelief. I had not only lost the argument, I'd lost the room. And, when it comes to invisible law reform, losing the room is the worst thing you can do.

I still believe my case to be right. For now I will have to remain an invisible martyr to an invisible cause.

And to think this was about pizza. The same applies to many of life's rules and regulations – invisible or not, fair or unfair, significant or tenuous. But them's the rules. ■

CHARLIE LOVES

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THE POINT IS, A VEGO DOESN'T HAVE THE LUXURY OF CHOICE.

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GEORGINA EGAN

PHOTOGRAPHER

You have Egan to thank for the super-sharp Outfitter section (p75). She teamed up with our trusty market editor, Emma, to demonstrate the right way to rock a winter blazer and how to layer up for the cooler months. Nice.

THIS SHOOT WAS IN THE STUDIO, BUT WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE LOCATION BEEN?
Being an Aussie, I love the sun. A shoot I did a while ago in Ibiza has to be the highlight so far.

ANY POINTERS FOR PEOPLE WHO'D LIKE TO FOLLOW IN YOUR EXOTIC FOOTSTEPS?
Be persistent, always say 'yes' and don't underestimate the power of making contacts.

WHAT DO PEOPLE NEED TO GET STARTED?
All you really need is a good eye.

WHERE DO YOU HEAD FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC INSPIRATION?
I'm old school, so I still like flipping through magazines, new and old, Australian and international.

AND WHAT ABOUT INSTAGRAM? WHO'S WORTH A FOLLOW?
@nasagoddard for stunning images of Earth, planets and space; Sydney gelato company @gelatomessina because I'm addicted to the stuff; and all my favourite restaurants – there are way too many to name.



ANGUS FONTAINE

WRITER

After a shock return to the pool, Grant Hackett sat down with regular *GQ* scribe, Fontaine, to talk about the Olympian's turbulent career (p50). "Grant's had a life of dizzying highs and desultory lows," says Fontaine. "He's a fabulous athlete and a fallible man – I admired his trust and hope we earned it, too."

IT'S A GREAT YARN. ANY MEMORABLE INTERVIEWS THAT DIDN'T GO SO WELL?
Too many to mention. Let's just say if Nick Cave or Christian Bale have a Christmas card list, I wouldn't be on it.

THEIR LOSS. AND A FAVOURITE?
Probably James Brown. He leapt straight on the call, talking high-grade jive and then after 15 minutes he hung up. I never asked a single question.

ANY WRITING PET PEEVES?
The phrase 'such is life'. It's the laziest write-off, disclaimer or segue. It's also a misquote – Ned's final words were: 'Ah well, I guess it has come to this.'

MORE BAD NEWS FOR BEN COUSINS, THEN. WHAT'S THE LAST THING YOU READ AND REALLY LOVED?
Martin Flanagan's *The Last Quarter* – footy stories told with operatic sweep.

BEST WRITING ADVICE YOU'VE EVER BEEN GIVEN?
Write the story like you're telling it to someone in a pub.



ROWAN MONTAGUE

HAIRSTYLIST

Montague headed to the nation's capital to ensure Nick Kyrgios was camera-ready for this month's fashion feature (p136). "The scenery around Lake George was beautiful," she reports. "And Nick was a pleasure to work with." Who says nothing exciting ever happens in Canberra?

WHAT ARE THE KEY HAIR TRENDS RIGHT NOW?
There's been more growth, thanks to the rise of keratin treatments. They smooth thick, wavy hair and reduce volume and frizz, making longer styles an option for those with curly, rebellious hair.

ANY TIPS FOR GETTING THE RIGHT CUT?
Men need advice on the best cut for their facial structure, and how to maintain it. Regular visits to the salon are vital – I recommend every four-six weeks.

AND PRODUCT-WISE?
Use a foundation product first to give the right surface texture – I like Shu Uemura 'Essence Absolue' for thick and dry hair, or Kevin Murphy 'Hair.Resort' for fine hair. Then, when you style with a clay or paste, you'll need a lot less, it gives the hair a more natural look.

YOU'RE ALSO A VINYL BOFFIN. ANY NEW ADDITIONS?
As well as classics from The Beatles and Bowie, I follow anything PJ Harvey or The War on Drugs do, and have just bought Kendrick Lamar's new album.



RICHARD CLUNE

DEPUTY EDITOR

After a career in the 'glamorous' world of newspapers, Clune joined *GQ* three years ago. This issue he jetted off to rehab in Thailand – for purely journalistic reasons, that is. Read the full feature on p114.

WHAT SPARKED YOUR INTEREST IN REHAB?
Speaking to a friend who'd completed treatment in Australia, I was surprised by the level of medication administered to rid him of an addiction to medication. I found that odd – surely there were other methodologies?

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WORKING FOR PAPERS AND MAGS?
Newspapers gift you the ability to write quickly, swear like an army commander and bloat your liver. You're also told to address an audience of 13-year-olds. Magazines like ours expect a certain level of intelligence – and I'm forever thankful for that.

TIPS FOR BREAKING INTO THE INDUSTRY?
Never fear rejection, and find your voice by writing all the time. Be proactive and take anything thrown your way.

WHAT ABOUT PITCHING TO EDITORS?
Read the publication, have a strong understanding of what they may want and call it by its correct title. Also, triple-check grammar and be succinct.

ANY PHRASES YOU CAN'T STAND?
LA agent jargon like 'start a dialogue about', 'reach out', 'reconnect' have now annoyingly infiltrated my lexicon. And 'lexicon'.

WORDS: JAKE MILLAR. ILLUSTRATION: GUY SHIELD.


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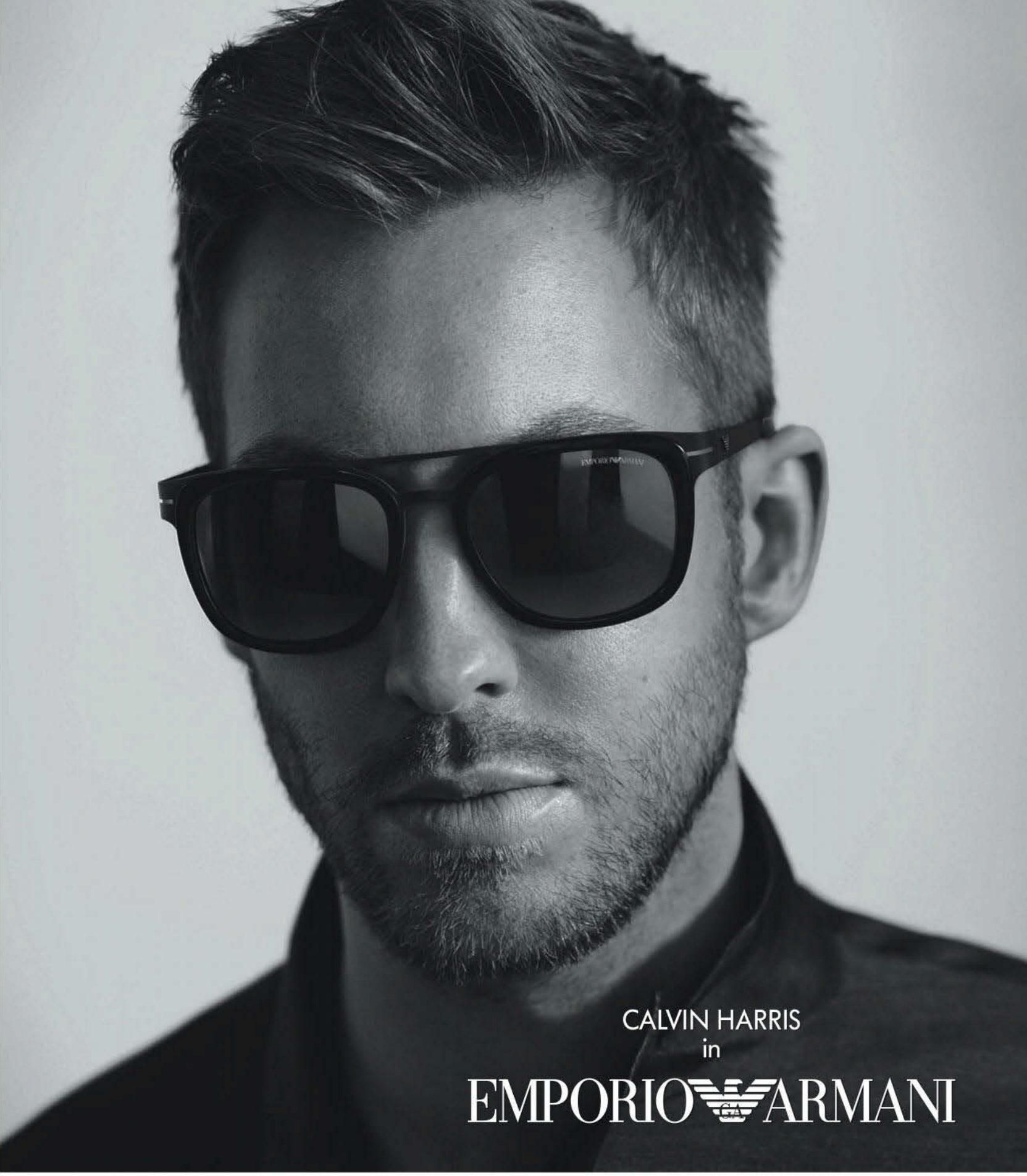
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MOVIES

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feedback

STAR LETTER

I've been a reader for many years and have to say this was the best issue in a while. The interview with Malcolm Turnbull was fantastic and showed a side of the federal minister that's previously gone unnoticed. As a lover of timepieces, the GQ Watch special was a highlight, and to finish off, the Mark Ronson and Monaco pieces were great.

SAM, VIA EMAIL

Thanks Sam. The response has been overwhelming for what's now our most talked-about issue ever. It's official – Turnbull is more popular than Game of Thrones.



Fascinating interview with Mr Turnbull. I could certainly see him running the country one day.
STEPHEN, VIA GQ.COM.AU

Is it just me or does @TurnbullMalcolm look like a bit of a silver fox on this month's @GQAustralia
MELISSA OVERMAN, VIA TWITTER

Not just you, Melissa – all that time practising his Blue Steel clearly paid off.

About to read the @TurnbullMalcolm @GQAustralia interview. Since when do magazines need dust jackets though? #fail
ADAM, VIA TWITTER

Charlie Pickering nailed it again. Those seeking power can ignore science and repeat their views enough for the gullible to believe them, and unfortunately the media doesn't do enough to hold them accountable. Well done Mr Pickering for challenging them and raising the bar. *Chapeau!*
GLENN WICKHAM, VIA EMAIL

I'm a first time reader and got to say I'm impressed. Great blend of topics –

MALCOLM TURNBULL

MAD MAX GIRLS

MARK RONSON

WHAT'S TRENDING ON SOCIAL MEDIA



Upgrading your style is great but not everyone wears a suit, you know? How about us dudes who live in the tropics – about time we were catered to as well.
JEFF, VIA GQ.COM.AU

Sorry, guess you missed our suit-free Outfitter section on winter dressing last issue. But turn to p75 for more new-season styles – whether you're dressing for work or play.

I particularly found the sex toys article interesting and it generated some healthy conversations with my wife and I. Keep it up and you'll have me subscribing for life.
MARK, VIA EMAIL

You're welcome, Mark. We'll do our best to, ahem, keep it up (turn to p156 for more on that).

Insightful portrayal of the man who might become the next PM. It was a pity that he lost the leadership ballot so we did not get to see him serve in that role.
ANIL, VIA GQ.COM.AU

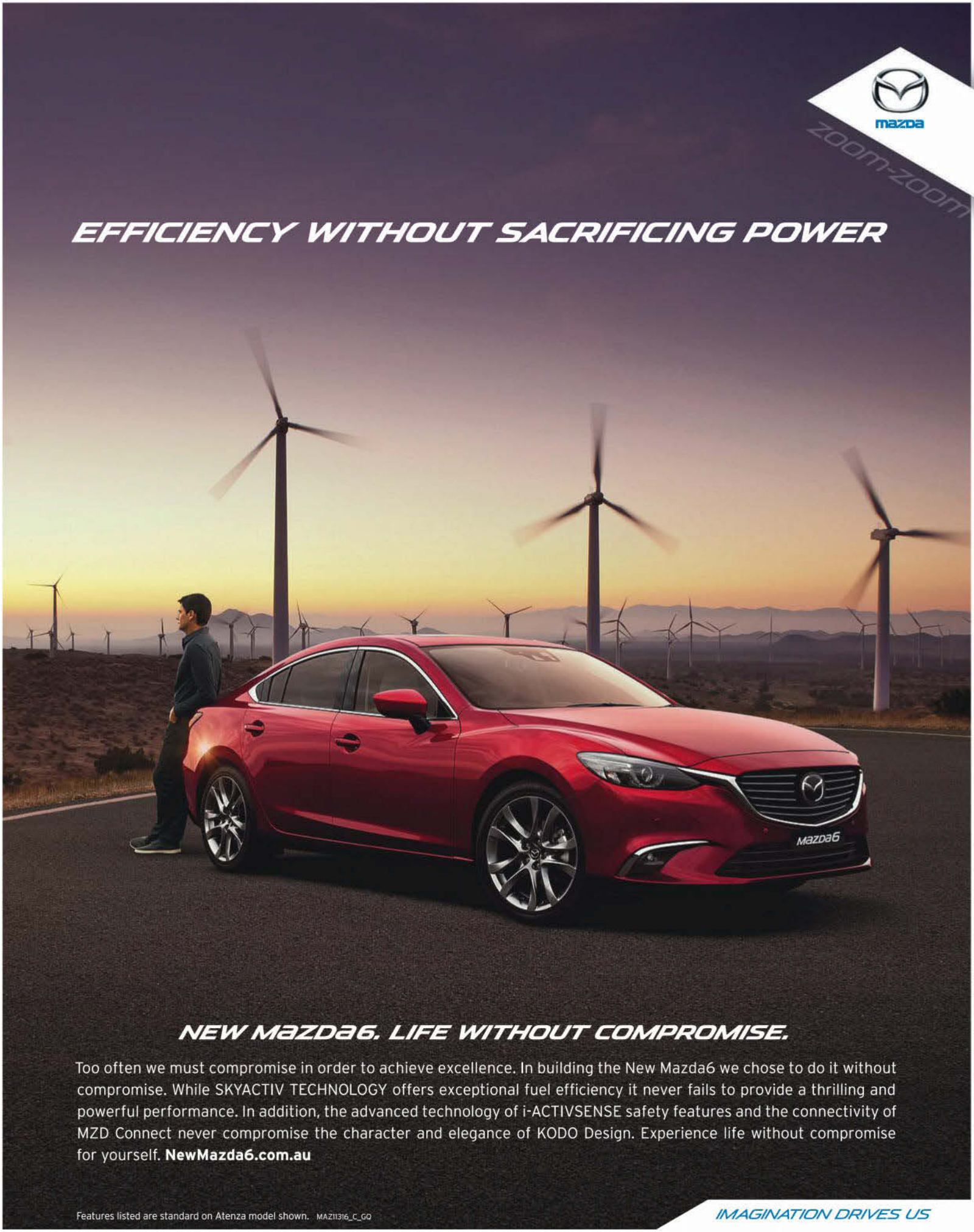
Thanks again for an awesome issue. You're ahead of the curve at a timely occasion with your cover – not only does Turnbull look ageless, but the interview was great.
GAVIN, VIA FACEBOOK

WRITE TO WIN

TELL US WHAT YOU THINK OF OUR JUNE/JULY ISSUE BY EMAILING *EDITORIAL@GQ.COM.AU*, OR VIA FACEBOOK OR TWITTER, AND YOU COULD FIND YOURSELF SPORTING THE NEW STAINLESS STEEL SEIKO 'PROSPEX KINETIC GMT' WATCH, POWERED BY THE WEARER'S MOVEMENT. WITH A SIX-MONTH POWER RESERVE, GMT FEATURE, CALENDAR, AND 200m WATER RESISTANCE – IT'S WORTH $1100. *SEIKO.COM.AU*



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GIRL

MIRANDA RAE MAYO

FROM A CAMEO IN *LAW & ORDER* TO SHARING THE BIG SCREEN WITH ZAC EFRON – MEET TV'S SEXIEST NEW RECRUIT.

What's that, haven't got into *True Detective* yet? Well, the talented Miranda Rae Mayo is just one reason to watch the second season. With no catching up required – the new season is independent of the first – Emmy-nominated duo Matthew McConaughey and Woody Harrelson are replaced by serious star power in the form of Colin Farrell, Rachel McAdams, Taylor Kitsch and Vince Vaughn – whose convincing turn as a gangster highlights his acting chops, which went missing after 1996's *Swingers* and his move into (alleged) comedies.

Back to Mayo. The American beauty recently wrapped the sixth season of hit TV show *Pretty Little Liars* and is set to make her feature film debut in *We Are Your Friends*, starring Zac Efron and Emily Ratajkowski, and directed by Max Joseph (the camera guy from *Catfish: The TV Show*).

Put simply, 2015 is going along very nicely for Ms Mayo. And if that means seeing more of her on screen, our year's shaping up pretty well, too.

True Detective season two debuts June 22 on Showcase; showcasechannel.com.au

PHOTOGRAPHY: RUSSELL BAER.

EDITED BY **JAKE MILLAR**

#1 MICHAEL CRICHTON IS THE ONLY ARTIST TO EVER HAVE A SIMULTANEOUS US No.1 BOOK (*DISCLOSURE*), TV SHOW (*ER*) AND FILM (*JURASSIC PARK*).



THE BLOCKBUSTER

Hollywood is on a roll, with *Magic Mike XXL*, *Jurassic World* and *Terminator Genisys* all box-office bound. Now *Entourage* is finally hitting the big screen – expect girls, epic parties, (Johnny) drama, A-list cameos and Ari Gold shouting "Lllllllllllllllloyd" loudly and often. *Entourage is in cinemas June 4*

THE LAPTOP KILLER

Portable devices fall into two camps – work (laptops) and play (tablets). Last year the Microsoft 'Surface Pro 3' changed that, and now the 'Surface 3' is here. Thinner and lighter, it has up to 10 hours of battery life and a 10.8-inch screen, for working on the go – or, more likely, watching *Game of Thrones*. *From $699; microsoft.com*



THE HIT LIST

OUR FANTASTIC FOUR, PLUS ONE.

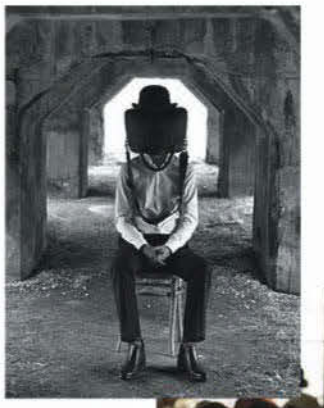
3



THE BIKE

For the past couple of years, Martone Cycling Co has been the go-to for fixie-loving, bow tie-wearing, moustache enthusiasts. Now it's back with the 'Mia' – a classy, compact version of its signature city bike. The customisable saddle, tyres and grips also come in black, white, red or brown – you know, to match your trilby. Totes cool. *Approx. $1236; martonecycling.com.au*

2



THE ACCESSORIES

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1



THE TV SHOW

Say what you will about Ruby Rose, but kudos to the Aussie, um, actor for landing a gig on TV's most-talked-about show. With the third season about to drop (a fourth is already locked in), *Orange is the New Black* has outpaced *House of Cards* in the rating stakes – though making Jason Biggs watchable is surely its greatest accomplishment. *Season three debuts on Netflix June 12*





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MUSIC

A$AP ROCKY

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE RAPPER WHO'S TRENDING HARD.

The 26-year-old Harlem-born rapper/producer/fashionisto has unleashed a whole new brand of so-cool-it's-hot. His adolescence was spent selling crack in the Bronx (badass), but since mixtape *Live.Love.A$AP* went viral in 2011, he's been busy signing multimillion-dollar record deals and bossing fashion, often draped in Rick Owens. This month, an acting debut alongside Zoë Kravitz, new album *At.Long.Last.A$AP* and numerous festival headline gigs cement him as a seriously big deal.

-1-
Born Rakim Mayers on October 3, 1988.

-2-
Launched hip-hop collective A$AP Mob in 2007 – it stands for 'Always Strive And Prosper'.

-3-
Dated Iggy Azalea in 2012, who had 'Live', 'Love' and 'ASAP' tattooed on her fingers – then crossed them out when they split the following year.

-4-
Is a vegetarian. Also doesn't eat lollies.

-5-
After releasing single 'Purple Swag' in December 2011, he was so overwhelmed by his first-ever show in NYC that he cried on the way home.

-6-
In January 2013, debut album *Long.Live.A$AP* entered at No.1 on the US Billboard 200.

-7-
Is a big Rick Owens and Raf Simons fan, and collaborated with Simons on a clothing line in 2013. He's also the face of Salvatore Ferragamo.

-8-
Describes his own music as "tastemaker shit" and "the future".

-9-
Makes his acting debut this year in *Dope*, which premiered at the Sundance Film Festival in January. It was produced and narrated by Forest Whitaker. *In US cinemas June 9. Fingers crossed it arrives here soon after*

-10-
Set to perform at Open'er Festival in Poland, said to have "10 times the energy of Glastonbury", alongside Alt-J, Drake and The Prodigy, among others. *July 1-4; opener.pl/en*

MUSIC SCENE

THREE THINGS WE LIKE THE SOUND OF RIGHT NOW.

THE ALBUM
PEACE IS THE MISSION, MAJOR LAZER
Even if you're not the world's biggest Diplo fan (we hear you), the guy does know his way around a decent hook. When not busy raking in $12m a year, the superstar DJ finds time for this musical side-project. Back with a third album, the first single 'Lean On' has already hit No.1 here, with more chart dominance expected. *Released June 1*

THE GIG
SPLENDOUR IN THE GRASS
Sales of protein supplements and ecstasy pills will take a serious hit now Future Music's been canned indefinitely, but who says the festival scene is dead? Mark Ronson, The Dandy Warhols, Tame Impala, Blur – this year's line-up is like a who's who of some of our favourite bands. Don't miss out. *Runs July 24-26; splendourinthegrass.com*

THE DOCO
AMY
By the team behind 2010 film *Senna*, this promises to be the definitive documentary on the late, great Amy Winehouse. Using previously unseen archival footage, and with access to her close friends and family, it's a rare insight into one of the most brilliant, but troubled figures in recent music history. *In cinemas July 2*



A STILL FROM *AMY*; MAJOR LAZER'S NEW ALBUM.

WORDS: DARBY-PERRIN LARNER. PHOTOGRAPHY: ERIC RAY DAVIDSON; GETTY


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MARILYN MONROE, COMEDIAN AMY SCHUMER AND *TED 2* STAR MORGAN FREEMAN WERE ALL BORN ON JUNE 1 – AS WAS THIS ISSUE.



RYAN CORR

AFTER A RUN-IN WITH THE LAW, THE AUSSIE ACTOR'S BEEN GIFTED A SECOND CHANCE, AND ISN'T WASTING IT.

Ryan Corr is made for Tinseltown. Charming, cool, leading-man handsome, and considering we're chatting to him in the back of an LA Uber, the 26-year-old is a spiced chai latte away from being a cliché. But he's not.

Corr's the real deal – an actor who's balanced mainstream success in *Packed to the Rafters* with a lauded turn in Russell Crowe's *The Water Diviner*. He's again set to defy expectations with a role in BBC series *Banished*, which outlines the early years of Australia as a penal colony.

Still, it's not all been smooth sailing. Reports last year that he'd been arrested for heroin possession were met with disbelief, but also a wave of support. Corr's since owned up to the mistake that threatened to derail his career – the fact it didn't is proof that nothing will hold him back. Here he talks about handling Hollywood, Rusty and how he's not looking back.

GQ: HOW'S LA TREATING YOU?
Ryan Corr: You know – hot, sunny. We're here for *The Water Diviner* premiere, but a lot of it's an opportunity to see what this world is about, the way Russell deals with media questions, that kind of thing. Everything's a lesson.

GQ: IS HOLLYWOOD THE END GOAL?
RC: I'm not chasing fame or any of that shit – obviously I want to do the best work I can and reach a wide audience, and here's home to that. But I'd eventually like to take it back to Australia and be an influence like Geoffrey Rush, Richard Roxburgh or Cate Blanchett – they followed their dreams, made it to the top echelon, and can share that with Australia and America.

GQ: WHAT WAS IT LIKE WORKING WITH RUSSELL?
RC: Pretty remarkable. He has a real generosity of spirit. I am incredibly grateful to him – I'm basically in an Uber in LA talking to you because of those exact qualities in him, and people who know Russell well will say the same.

GQ: *BANISHED* HAS BEEN AIRING IN THE UK. HOW'S IT BEEN RECEIVED?
RC: So far it's been a commercial success and is winning its timeslot, so really well. People are engaging with the characters.

GQ: IS IT FAIR TO SAY YOU'VE CHOSEN YOUR PROJECTS CAREFULLY?
RC: It's definitely planned. I didn't get into this industry to make huge amounts of money or be famous. Sometimes I'm not going to take a job that will pay me for the next three months because I want to take a risk on a project that's better, professionally. It takes navigation – you can't just say 'yes' to everything, you need a firm idea of what you want to do. LA will open up its arms if you know what you want.

GQ: THAT ALMOST CHANGED WITH LAST YEAR'S MISHAP. WERE YOU MUCH OF A PARTY BOY?
RC: No, but I found myself in a position where I was incredibly upset, someone offered me something and 200 metres after, I was picked up with it. It was an error of judgement, but I don't think anyone could say they haven't made mistakes.

GQ: DID THE LEVEL OF SUPPORT THAT FOLLOWED SURPRISE YOU?
RC: There was an incredible warmth from people reaching out and checking I was OK. It was pretty overwhelming. But I'm at the best place in my career and I've never had more job offers, with people coming out and saying they want to work with me.

GQ: AND WHO ARE YOU MOST KEEN TO BE ON SET WITH?
RC: Directors like Terrence Malick or Ryan Gosling and Tom Hardy – guys who I idolise and hold in such high esteem. I just have to keep steering towards writers, actors and directors who I'd like to challenge myself with. Part of this industry is luck and your commitment to the craft, but I'm pretty damn devoted – so come what may.

Banished debuts June 25 on BBC First; bbcaustralia.com

HIGHS (AND LOWS) OF SETH MacFARLANE

CHARTING THE 41-YEAR-OLD COMEDIAN'S CAREER – FROM THE LOL TO THE LAME.



***Ace Ventura: Pet Detective*, 1995**
This cartoon spin-off is to thank for unearthing MacFarlane's humour. It lasted three seasons and even spawned a computer (well, CD-ROM) game.



***Family Guy*, 1999**
Before being flogged like a dead horse, MacFarlane's finest work premiered to 22 million viewers, winning fans with its trademark pop-culture references and cut-away gags.



***Robot Chicken*, 2005**
A sketch comedy that took on pop culture in 12-minute episodes and won three Emmys – despite using Seth Green (only his voice, mind) in a starring role.

***The Winner*, 2007**
Starring Rob Corddry (of *The Daily Show with Jon Stewart*) this could have been promising. It wasn't. Terrible reviews and even worse ratings saw it axed after three weeks.





***Ted*, 2012**
This filthy comedy had its moments, despite dividing critics. Still, they won't have cost MacFarlane much sleep, since it made roughly 11 times its budget at the box office.

***Dads*, 2013**
A one-two punch of gay jokes and racial stereotypes landed this truly awful comedy a big fat zero per cent on review aggregator *Rotten Tomatoes*. It deserved less.



***A Million Ways to Die in the West*, 2014**
Gross-out humour and satirical jokes aplenty, but the film didn't have the legs to fill two hours.



***Ted 2* is in cinemas June 25**

PHOTOGRAPHY: GETTY IMAGES.

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16. OFF THE MAP, *$24.99, by Alastair Bonnett; Aurum Press.*

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PHOTOGRAPHY: EDWARD URRUTIA. FOR STOCKIST DETAILS, SEE P158.

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FROM THE NEW BEN SHERMAN COLLECTION.

Winter is a mixed bag. On one hand, no beach – on the other, there's more to play with in the fashion stakes. Case in point: Ben Sherman has just released its new five-piece 'Black Watch' capsule range, which pays homage to the Scottish military regiment of the same name. Think comfy coats, checked shirts and plenty of tartan. Oh, and BYO sporran. *shop.bensherman.com.au*

FASHION

50 YEARS OF SABA

Hard to believe, but Aussie label Saba is turning the big five-0. To celebrate the past, it's looking to the present, with a new winter campaign showcasing the current generation of creatives. It features six figures who exemplify modern design, including sculptor Dion Horstmans, furniture designer Henry Wilson, film director Lorin Askill, director and actress Robyn Nevin, model and poet Emma Balfour and experimental musician Rachel Rutt. *saba.com.au*

FOR STOCKIST DETAILS, SEE P158.

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BOWIE HAS TOURED AUSTRALIA FOUR TIMES, RECORDING TWO VIDEO CLIPS HERE – 1983's 'LET'S DANCE', IN CARINDA NSW, AND 'CHINA GIRL', IN SYDNEY'S CHINATOWN.

EXHIBITION

THE BEST OF BOWIE

FRESH FROM LONDON'S VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, THE AUSTRALIAN ARRIVAL OF *DAVID BOWIE IS* SHOWCASES THE THIN WHITE DUKE'S INCREDIBLE CAREER, WITH COSTUMES, ALBUM ARTWORK, PHOTOGRAPHS, STAGE SETS AND MORE. SINCE ONLY HALF AN EXCUSE IS NEEDED FOR A BIT OF BOWIE, WE LOOK BACK AT SOME OF HIS MOST MEMORABLE LOOKS.

David Bowie Is runs July 16 – November 1 at Melbourne's ACMI; acmi.net.au

1962



Every bit the rock-star-in-waiting, Bowie formed his first band, The Kon-rads, aged 15. The man hasn't aged a day since (he's now 68).

1973



This striped number by Japanese designer Kansai Yamamoto proves there's no such thing as too much legroom. Also, the iconic *Aladdin Sane* album cover is born.

1974



There aren't enough eye patches in music these days. Add a neckerchief, dungarees and some heeled boots, and it's just another day at the office for Ziggy Stardust.



1976

A time when Bowie reportedly lived off a hearty diet of 'red peppers, cocaine, and milk'. And vast quantities of hair gel.

1980



A candid snap of Mr Bowie on his way to the shops. Only joking – this get-up was for hit song 'Ashes to Ashes', from his 14th album *Scary Monsters (and Super Creeps)*.

1987



Hello ladies. The same year *Wall Street*'s Gordon Gekko proclaimed "greed is good", Bowie clearly took the same more-is-more approach to hair and gold lamé jackets.

1997



The Alexander McQueen 'Union Jack' coat for the cover of Bowie's 20th album, *Earthling*. Take that, Ginger Spice.

2002



Proof that rock stars and supermodels are made for one another – here Bowie and stunning wife, Iman, celebrating their 10th anniversary.

2013

On his 66th birthday, Bowie surprised the world with 'Where Are We Now', his first single in 10 years. Album number 24, *The Next Day*, debuted at No.1 in the UK and No.2 in the US, showing the man's still got it.



PHOTOGRAPHY: © MASAYOSHI SUKITA. © DUFFY ARCHIVE. © FRANK W OCKENFELS 3 COURTESY OF THE DAVID BOWIE ARCHIVE, AND VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM; GETTY IMAGES.

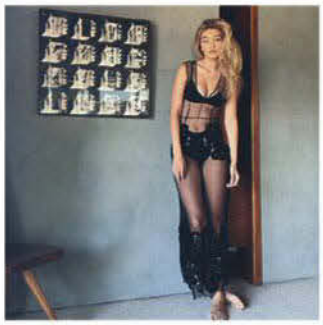

DANIEL HECHTER
PARIS
DUBAI BUENOS AIRES MELBOURNE ADELAIDE PERTH SHANGHAI CAIRO

IN 1929, ASTRONOMER EDWIN HUBBLE FOUND THE UNIVERSE IS ALWAYS EXPANDING – ARGUABLY THE MOST IMPORTANT COSMOLOGICAL DISCOVERY IN HISTORY.

#TRENDING

KNOW YOUR IT GIRLS

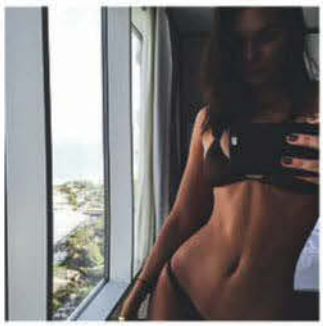
ANY CELEB PARTY OR AWARDS DO, THEY'RE THERE – GORGEOUS, STYLISH, 'GRAMMING AWAY. SO WHO ARE THESE NEWBIE SOCIALITES? WE'RE GLAD YOU ASKED.



@GIGIHADID

As well as appearing in *Sports Illustrated*, *Vogue* and Carine Roitfeld's *CR Fashion Book*, the 20-year-old model has fronted campaigns for Guess, Maybelline and Tom Ford. She's also Aussie pop star Cody Simpson's on-off-who-knows better half, and daughter of *The Real Housewives of Beverly Hills* star Yolanda Foster.
Instagram followers: 3.1m+

IT FACTOR



@KENDALLJENNER

The ubiquitous Kardashian sis first catwalked at 14 and has since featured in titles from *Teen Vogue* to May's cover of our US *GQ* cousins. The now-19-year-old has translated her mainstream reach to the runway for Givenchy, Dolce & Gabbana and Chanel – almost enough to forgive her for hanging out with the Bieb.
Instagram followers: 25.2m+

IT FACTOR



@HAILEYBALDWIN

Daughter of Stephen "the other Baldwin" Baldwin (scary eyes, McManus in *The Usual Suspects*), 18-year-old Hailey has modelled for brands like Topshop and the super-cool *Love* magazine. Regularly snapped with Kendall Jenner, Cara Delevingne and other genetically-perfect specimens.
Instagram followers: 1.3m+

IT FACTOR



@KARLIEKLOSS

With campaigns for Jean Paul Gaultier, Nike, Chanel and L'Oréal Paris among others, 22-year-old Kloss is said to have earned north of $5m last year alone. The former (yep, she quit) Victoria's Secret Angel is also BFFs with Taylor Swift and together they covered *US* Vogue in March.
Instagram followers: 2.3m+

IT FACTOR



UNIVERSAL APPEAL

PHOTOGRAPHY

2015 marks the Hubble Telescope's 25th birthday, but rather than cake and champers, Taschen is celebrating with this weighty tome. The 260-page collection of ultra-high resolution photographs covers everything from black holes to exoplanets (a planet orbiting a star other than the sun, *duh*). It also includes an essay by photography boffin Owen Edwards, and insights from experts and astronauts. *Expanding Universe: Photographs from the Hubble Space Telescope, approx. $88; taschen.com*



ADVICE

FIRST WORLD DILEMMAS

LIKE A SIZZLER BUFFET OF INVALUABLE LIFE LESSONS – WITHOUT THE CHEESY BREAD THAT USED TO BE SERVED.



A MATE HAS DISCOVERED OPRAH'S BOOKS AND IS TRYING TO CONVERT ME TO HER SELF-HELP PHILOSOPHIES. HOW CAN I MAKE IT STOP?

JACOB, VIA EMAIL

We love Oprah as much as the next guy (unless the next guy's Gayle King), but this needs to be nipped in the bud. Your friend sounds beyond help but act fast and you can still save yourself. Do things to remind yourself how pathetic and meaningless life is. Set alarms for 2am, start having cold showers and deliberately stub your toes on things. Also watch *The Real Housewives of Melbourne* on repeat. Soon you'll be miserable and completely immune to Oprah's declarations of how great everything is. That, we know, for sure.

STYLE SHRINK

WHERE CAN I GET SOME DECENT SHOELACES?

CAM, VIA EMAIL

BONDI LACES (EAGLE-EYED READERS MIGHT HAVE SPOTTED THEM IN LAST ISSUE'S GQ WATCH SHOOT) ARE YOUR BEST BET. AVAILABLE IN ABOUT 40 COLOURS WITH METALLIC TIPS, THEY COME WITH A 10-YEAR GUARANTEE, AND PROCEEDS FROM EACH PAIR GO TO PROVIDING EDUCATION FOR CHILDREN IN SOME OF THE POOREST PARTS OF THE WORLD.



BONDI LACES, FROM $17 A PAIR; BONDILACES.COM

WORK AND PLAY

WHAT'S THE BEST THING ABOUT WORKING AT GQ?

ELLIOT, VIA GQ.COM.AU

Sometimes clichés turn out to be true. The people really do make a place worth working at and the team here is such a talented and friendly bunch – so fun to be around, so good looking – it's enough to make a grown man weep. Only joking – 100 per cent it's all the free booze we get sent.

I MET A GIRL ON TINDER AND SHE MENTIONED THAT SHE HAD A BUNCH OF OTHER DATES LINED UP LATER THAT WEEK. WHAT'S THE DEAL?

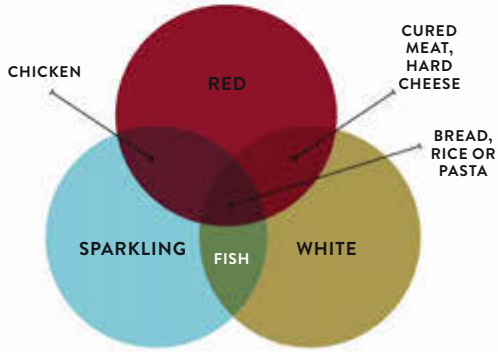
TERRY, VIA EMAIL

Dating is no longer about hitting it off with a friend-of-a-friend, enjoying a candlelit dinner and celebrating 25 years of marriage. Who has the time or the conversation skills? Nowadays, Tinder is basically speed dating, except you choose who takes part. A first date is your chance to confirm that a profile matches their current age, gym regime or gender. The good news is, even if he or she doesn't stick around for a second outing, there's plenty more fish in the sea. And luckily, many of them have really low standards.

I'M CLUELESS ABOUT MATCHING WINE TO FOOD. CAN I GET SOME POINTERS, PLEASE?

ROB, VIA EMAIL

Yikes. There are whole books written on this topic, but try this quick 101. Nothing beats experience, so we recommend conducting some thorough testing, whenever possible. Responsibly, of course.





IN A MOVIE I WAS WATCHING, THE LEADING MAN WAS WEARING A COLLAR PIN. I LIKED THE LOOK SO MUCH I WENT OUT AND BOUGHT ONE. CAN I GET AWAY WITH IT IN THE OFFICE?

DAVID, VIA EMAIL

Nice and bold, David. But best follow Mr Gatsby's lead in making sure the rest of your outfit follows suit. Think a sharp, tailored three-piece or double-breasted number, with a cool, retro vibe. Not a cheap polyester jacket with giant, shapeless trousers that hang from your belt like curtains. That looks terrible, collar pin or not.

FOR MORE ADVICE

HIT UP THE GQ TEAM BY EMAILING *EDITORIAL@GQ.COM.AU*, OR VIA FACEBOOK OR TWITTER. YOU COULD WIN THIS HANDY MIELE 'SCOUT RX1 ROBOTIC' VACUUM CLEANER. PRECISE CLEANING FOR YOUR WHOLE HOUSE, WITHOUT LIFTING A FINGER? THAT'S A WIN TO US. IT'S WORTH A TIDY $999; *MIELE.COM.AU*



PHOTOGRAPHY: GETTY IMAGES.




DAVID ABELA AND NICK SMITH.


ANDREW RYAN, SASCHA LANG AND DARREN JAHN.

PERONI'S DELUX15 FORUM DINNER

To conclude the successful DeLux15 Forum, Peroni Nastro Azzurro hosted a private dinner at the Langham Sydney. Alongside *GQ* editor in chief, Nick Smith, guests enjoyed a specially-created three course dinner and were the first to trial the soon-to-be-released Peroni Piccola.


JAMES KENNEDY, MELINDA O'ROURKE AND VIOLA RAIKHEL-BOLOT.


DAVID ABELA, BILGEN TUG AND GLEN SEALEY.




MARCUS ROSS AND PENNY MEAKES.




THE TIFFANY & CO 'CT60' COLLECTION.


GQ's RICHARD CLUNE WITH ZAC STENMARK.


SYDNEY SWANS' TOM DERICKX.


SHANINA SHAIK.

TIFFANY & CO 'CT60' COLLECTION DINNER

Sydney's famed Rockpool restaurant was taken over for a night – a fitting, luxurious setting for the official launch of Tiffany's new 'CT60' collection of timepieces. Guests included singer Dan Sultan, Victoria's Secret model Shanina Shaik and Zac and Jordan Stenmark.


ZAC AND JORDAN STENMARK.


TOM DERICKX AND DAN SULTAN.


JASON MOWEN AND DAVID NOVAK-PIPER.


THE ELEGANT TABLE SETTING AT SYDNEY'S ROCKPOOL EST. 1989.

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GQ &A

Grant Hackett

HE WAS ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S MOST REVERED OLYMPIANS – AT LEAST BEFORE ALLEGATIONS OF DOMESTIC ABUSE AND A STILNOX SCANDAL. A YEAR ON FROM A STINT IN REHAB, HACKETT'S FOUND A CERTAIN SENSE OF SOLACE – BACK IN THE POOL AND EMBRACING LIFE.

WORDS **ANGUS FONTAINE** PHOTOGRAPHY **CARLOTTA MOYE**

In the water, no one can hear you scream. And for years, Grant Hackett's pain threshold was legendary. At the 2000 Olympics, he had a nasty virus and still took gold in the 1500m freestyle. At the 2004 Games in Athens, he swam the same event with a collapsed lung that cut his breathing capacity by 25 per cent. Yet he still triumphed.

"Technically, he's the least skilled," said Hackett's lifelong coach, Denis Cotterell. "But he's the toughest."

So when Hackett retired in 2008 aged 28, he seemed well set to take that courage and success into the next phase of his life. By then, the big Queenslander was married to singer Candice Alley, and in 2009 they welcomed twins, Jagger and Charlize. A day job as a banking executive for Westpac was flourishing and Channel Nine snapped him up to read sports news and occasionally commentate. Dare we say, life was going swimmingly.

Fact is, the pool was the farthest thing from his mind. Apart from surfing with brother Craig, an Ironman, the former world champ and Australian swim captain hadn't dipped a toe in water since retiring. Having spent 20 years chasing a black line across a blue room in pursuit of gold, life beyond the pool was about shifting horizons and keeping his feet firmly on the ground.

That was until an upturned grand piano sang out with an uneasy tune. It was 2011 and Hackett and Alley had indulged in raceday festivities at Derby Day, before returning to their flash Melbourne apartment where an argument flared and a demolition began – bottles smashed, walls torn down, and Alley's pride and joy, the baby grand piano, destroyed.

Seven months later, photos of the carnage leaked to the media, reports claiming Alley and the children were, "unharmed but distraught and shaking with fear." The sinking of Grant Hackett had begun.

For all the tabloid headlines, accusatory op-ed pieces and police investigations that followed, Hackett was never charged. With anything. But his marriage was over and a custody battle for the young twins was born.

A 2012 admission that he'd developed a "heavy reliance" on Stilnox – a sleeping sedative known to cause hallucinations, delusions and impaired judgment – added more grist to the rumour mill. When *60 Minutes* inevitably came calling, Australians saw their former Olympic hero messy with tears and some remorse.

The *coup de grâce* on Hackett's once squeaky-clean image came last summer when grainy photos emerged of a dazed and confused man, semi-naked and apparently searching for his missing son, in the foyer of Crown Casino. Rock bottom had been reached. Hackett's parents staged an intervention – "he's a dickhead but we love him," said father and ex-cop, Neville, to a frenzy of journalists – and shortly afterwards, their son flew to the US to check into what he called a "retreat", but what everyone else knew was rehab.

A year on and the Grant Hackett wandering around today's hotel is better dressed, clearer eyed and much surer of foot. Just hours before, the 35-year-old had shocked the world by qualifying for July's world titles in Russia after placing in the 200m freestyle at the Australian trials.

As he squares those big shoulders and sits down to talk, the stories in the papers, on the airwaves and online still refer to the dark clouds of the past. Though today, there's also a silver lining – and the faint glimmer of gold in his future.



Cotton T-shirt, $89, by **Splendid Mills** at **David Jones**.



"I DID THE WRONG THING, NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, BUT NEVER TO THE LEVEL ALLEGED. THAT'S HARD TO COP AND I'M SICK OF IT."

Wool 'Mason' coat, $995, and cotton 'Yale' T-shirt, $110, both by **Jac+Jack**.

GQ: It must have been a whirlwind few days for you.
Grant Hackett: I've been a bit overwhelmed to be honest. Until recently, I've led a quiet life. I only got back into swimming to enjoy it; it wasn't for glory or to prove critics wrong. I just took one step after the other – getting back in the pool to get fit first, then as part of a club relay, next for an individual swim. Now I'm back on the Australian team for a world championship, with the 2016 Olympics on the horizon. I certainly didn't plan it that way and if you'd told me it'd happen, even a week ago, I'd have said, 'Rubbish.'
GQ: What prompted you to get back in the pool in the first place?
GH: I had dinner with [US Olympic 18-gold medallist] Michael Phelps. I'd been surfing and doing gym work and he said I looked really fit, asking if I was ready to get back in the pool. I laughed. I couldn't imagine swimming again after more than six years away. But it got me thinking. And when I watched the Pan Pacs [Pan Pacific Swimming Championships] on the Gold Coast, I suddenly wanted to go for a swim.
GQ: You're tall and broad with arms like oars and hands like paddles – were you born to swim?
GH: [Laughs] I didn't get Ian Thorpe's feet but I'm fortunate enough to have a 13-litre lung capacity – that's 140 per cent above what it should be. Genetics is a handy thing, I got Mum's legs and Dad's long torso and it made a 6'6" giant with a 6'10" wingspan, but it's useless unless you do something with it.
GQ: Yet, as you said, you hadn't swum a lap in six years.
GH: Swimming had become a job. When I was younger I loved it – loved the competition, loved the challenges, loved winning. Swimming was my passion. I actually loved those moments before a race the most – warming up, standing on the blocks, feeling fresh and tapered, the hard work behind me and in the best possible shape. But the more I won, the greater the pressure and expectation. And after a 12-year international career, I'd had enough.
GQ: Swimmers seem the most solitary of all athletes – careers spent sealed off from everything except the sound of their own breathing and heartbeat, churning up and down a pool.
GH: You're right. What I've felt this week is peace. When I'm in the pool, no one can invade my space – it's just me alone with my thoughts. Swimming is therapy for me, a solace. The busier life got outside the pool, the more I loved being in it. And it was a unique time with Kieren Perkins, Ian Thorpe, Michael Klim, Geoff Huegill and myself coming through. I mean, at the 2001 World Champs, Australia beat America in the medal table.
GQ: So what happened between then and the widely-publicised issues attached to the 2012 Olympic team?
GH: We started to slide. The level of success we enjoyed back then wasn't sustainable for a country of 23 million against the US, where there's 300+ million and a college system pumping out athletes and scholarships. So when 2012 came, the pressure was really on and it was the wrong sort of pressure. Cracks appeared and mistakes were made. People talked themselves up. All the chat was that gold and glory were a foregone conclusion, but you have to be careful at the Olympics, because anything can happen; four years come down to one day, sometimes one minute. James Magnussen only lost by 1/100th of a second, but silver is silver. And that tiny sliver of time meant so much in the bigger scheme of things.
GQ: So what's your advice to young swimmers today?
GH: I preach about balance. Don't get ahead of yourself. Get ready for ups and downs, and get good people around you. Some things are going to happen quickly, others not fast enough. Either way, if you have all your eggs in one basket, it's a recipe for disaster. And as soon as that basket goes bad, your whole world crashes. Young athletes need to spread the load so they have different paths, like study, to follow when sport lets them down. Carry your desire to win just as wholeheartedly, but have a rounded life too.
GQ: For most of your career you studied commerce/law at Bond University. Did academia help you achieve athletically?
GH: The year I broke the most world records [2001] was also the year I was doing the most study. It was great to have different people to hang around because the bubble of sport groups you with people used to an intense environment. And when your identity is so closely aligned with your sport it can be difficult to break out of and you don't recognise the fallbacks until you're falling. I was a world champ at 16 and it changed my whole world. I didn't change, but everything else did, particularly the people around me.
GQ: So the greater the fame, the fewer people you trusted?
GH: You have to be careful. I'd been in a successful environment for a long time but people outside swimming had an impact on my life inside the sport. The perception was that I had the balance right, but I didn't. The pressure built slowly and it became harder and harder to manage. I was a swimmer doing photo shoots and appearing on TV and I really didn't anticipate the scale of what it meant to be a successful sportsperson in Australia. Managing that intensity was hard and when the wheels came off, I was exposed to the world.
GQ: When was that exactly?
GH: 2005. Shoulder surgery impacted heavily on my career and I wasn't enjoying life. I then missed the 2006 Commonwealth Games and moved to Melbourne and there were too many demands on my time. It meant fun was harder to find. I didn't have time to relax. Things I enjoyed became chores; passions became trials. I just wanted to escape, to be alone. I needed time out to remind myself what I loved about swimming, but it had all got lost along the way.
GQ: Was off-field pressure weighing you down in the pool?
GH: Absolutely. I didn't know what was real and what wasn't. I'm a natural sceptic – I stand back and observe. The reason for that is the limited trust I have for those in and around the lifestyle of sport. I've always been measured, even cynical about success. Gold medals just aren't that real – I can't take them seriously. As a teenager, I did. But as I got older, the negative pressure and expectation – within myself, from the public, from within the sport itself – changed me.
GQ: It didn't show. You were unbeaten in the 1500m freestyle for more than a decade.
GH: It was good for a while. I was excelling at something I loved. But after 11 years dominating, people considered the prospect of defeat a major disaster. By that point I didn't care. I was so sick of people talking about the winning streak – one year, five years, 10 years – that when I did finally lose, it didn't worry me at all. Defeat was almost a relief. I lost, but the sun came up the next day and I needed that lesson. The truth is, I knew I was going to lose that race – I was out of form and not swimming well. People were telling me not to race but there was no way I wasn't going to race for my

STYLING: BARNABY ASH. GROOMING: TIARNA CARMONT AT DETAIL FOR MEN USING AMERICAN CREW. SHOT AT THE ESTABLISHMENT PENTHOUSE – *MERIVALE.COM.AU*

GQ &A

country just to protect a record. I wasn't an athlete who only raced to win, I was an athlete who raced for the right reasons.

GQ: Where are all those gold medals and trophies stashed?

GH: In a cupboard, at home. Don't get me wrong, I'm proud of what I've achieved but I don't base my identity on it. And the older I get, the stronger I feel about that. To many people, I'm just an amalgam of world records, gold medals and trophies from 20 years in swimming, but that's not the real me.

GQ: So how do you want people to view you?

GH: It's none of my business. I care what people think of me – I'm a sensitive person and always have been – but I can't control people's opinions. What's been really liberating the past few years has been not worrying about that anymore.

GQ: Yet your reputation today is that of a fallen idol?

GH: Is it? It's easy to take a sliver of a person's life and define them by it – it's unfair to judge someone by their lowest point. But it's happened to me. That's why the most important attribute I teach my kids is resilience; the world is tough. It kicks you while you're down and when you think you've hit rock bottom, you'll go lower. The challenges keep coming.

GQ: So what have been the greatest of those challenges?

GH: The lies associated with my domestic situation and the allegations of violence. Yet the police never charged with me anything. The facts are, I've never broken the law. Look, those photos tell their own story but the way they were contextualised was wrong. I don't justify what I did in any way, I did the wrong thing, no doubt about it, but never to the level alleged. That's hard to cop and I'm sick of it. I've paid a price for what I did, but now years later I'm still paying it. That night in the apartment, I can't imagine that person, that headspace, that feeling. I'm so far from that now. I know why I got to that point, but it's a long way behind me. I'm open and honest with my feelings and that compromises me at times. I know I disappointed people but I'm human and I've let go of that. So wait until you meet me before you pass judgment.

GQ: Still, if you type Grant Hackett into a search engine, some of the first stories to come up focus on that infamous night in May 2012. What actually happened there?

GH: Life becomes destabilised when you betray your values. I was in a personal relationship that wasn't working but it was important to me, so I kept trying to rectify things. I made mistakes and I'm sorry, but it's done and I can't take it back. If I fixate on it I'm going to sit in a hole for the rest of my life. I don't deserve that.

GQ: Was it about wanting out of your marriage?

GH: I wanted that decision to be made for me because I couldn't make it myself. There was no way I was going to walk out on my kids. If someone walked out on me it was much easier. But I struggle to get into the headspace I was in back then, I just know I'll never have the triggers to make such poor decisions again. To be honest, I sit here confused because I've never had feelings of raw emotion like that before, or after.

GQ: This is what drugs and alcohol do – they turn people into a cartoon version of themselves, upturning pianos, punching walls and family photos, cops on the doorstep. Then you tried to explain it all on *60 Minutes*. Why?

GH: There was no justifying it, I guess I wanted to contextualise it. I wanted to say publicly that I'd stuffed up and here's the truth. But the headlines afterwards were about how I didn't say sorry. I wish people had seen the full 80-minute interview rather than the 11 minutes they cut up, because I said sorry several times, it just got cut. I couldn't win, no matter what I did, journalists had their own agenda and were going to find a way to bring me down.

GQ: You remain an employee of Channel Nine. Was doing *60 Minutes* part of the terms for them standing by you?

GH: Not at all. In some senses they went harder because I was one of their own. People still thought it was contrived but you heard the questions, you heard my answers. Looking back, it's clear I underestimated the intensity of that interview, but talking about my kids, whom I hadn't seen in months, was a tipping point. All of a sudden I'm crying on TV, but hey, I hadn't seen my two-year-old twins for months and they didn't know where their dad was. Emotion runs wild in those situations. I make no apology for that because the kids were always my focus.

GQ: How did you deal with divorce and being a single father?

GH: Divorce wasn't part of my personal formula. Candice and I had both agreed the relationship wasn't working and was becoming a dramatic failure, but the importance of family overrode that. I'm a family man first and foremost and when the separation came, the loneliness was challenging. Marriage and family is something I want to do again some day. I have a girlfriend I live with, Debbie Savage, a strength and conditioning coach at the AIS and it's fantastic. She's a beautiful human being and a wonderful support.

GQ: Life is on the up now, but it's only 12 months since rehab. How did your addiction to Stilnox happen?

GH: I was first given it by a team doctor. See, when you compete at a world champs or Olympics, you finish at 8 or 9pm at night and are completely on a high from the race, media interviews, press conferences and drug testing. The consequence is adrenaline keeps surging and you're wide-awake at midnight, but due to race again the next day. That's a problem for multiple-event swimmers who have to back up daily for an eight-day period – going to bed at 1am and staying awake until 3am cuts your chances of performing the next day. So we'd use sleeping medication that didn't make us drowsy.

GQ: To be clear, Stilnox isn't illegal, though it's now banned by the Australian Olympic Committee, right?

GH: People say we should blame the athletes or the team doctors but at the time it seemed to all of us as the right thing to do. No one was trying to hurt each other so there's no blame. I made a decision to take Stilnox, but I then got myself into a life pattern where I couldn't sleep. There was so much going on with work, the [domestic] allegations, the court case and the police investigations. On top of heavy travel and physical exertion, it took a toll. I was only sleeping 45 minutes tops at a time. And that went on for weeks and weeks and weeks. I reached the stage where I needed to act to make my brain stop. I'm an analytical person and in that pressure cooker situation of lawyers and headlines, I was lying there every night thinking, thinking, thinking. So I started taking the pills.



Cashmere rollneck, $130, by **Uniqlo.**

"THE POLICE NEVER CHARGED WITH ME ANYTHING. THE FACTS ARE, I'VE NEVER BROKEN THE LAW."

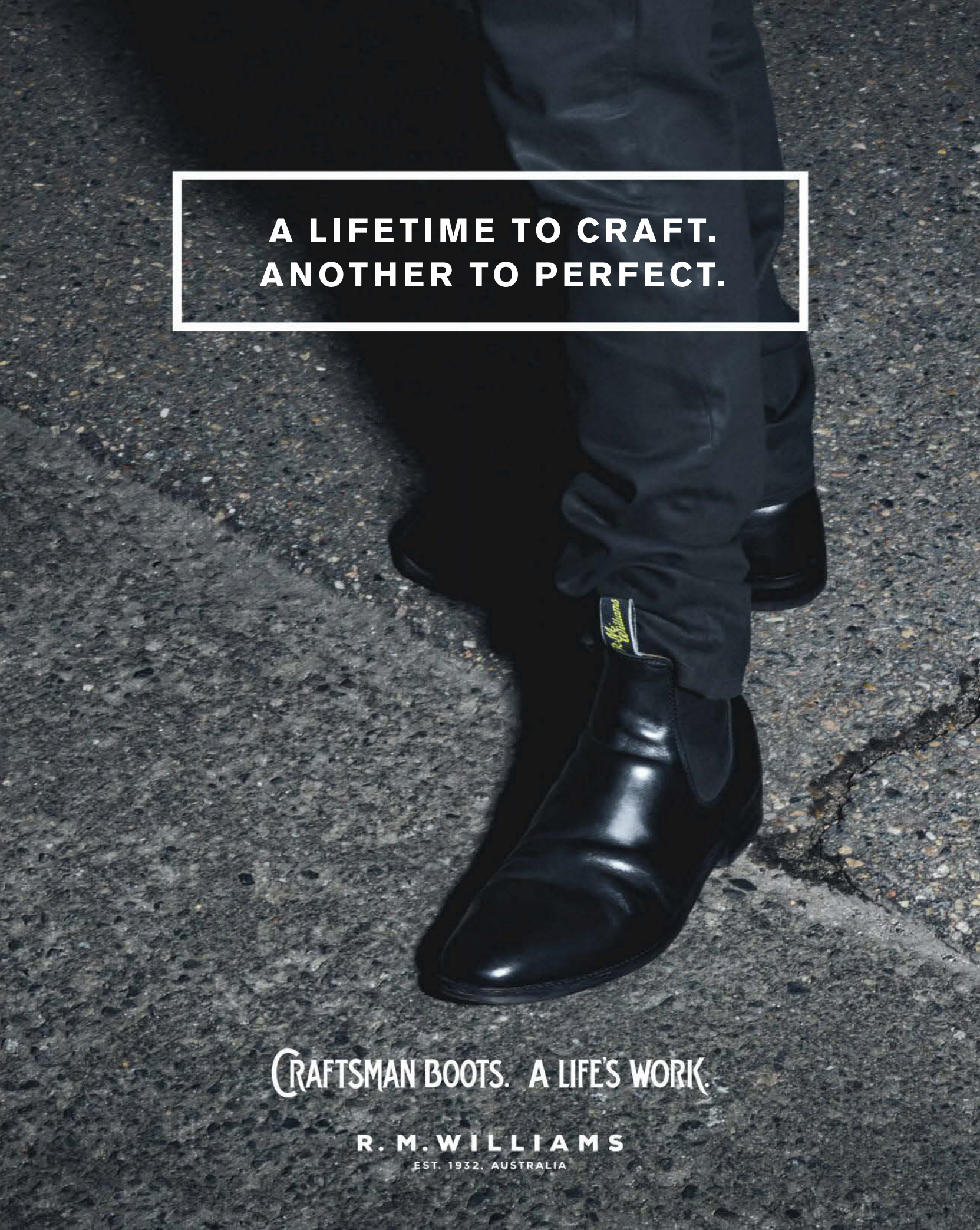
GQ &A



Wool blazer, $499, by **Aquila**; cashmere 'Zee' jumper, $499, by **Jac+Jack**; cotton trousers, $99.95, by **Levi's**; watch (worn throughout), Hackett's own.

GQ: Did your reputation for conquering pain delude you into thinking you could handle personal problems without seeking professional help?
GH: I had a large capacity for pain and was notorious for bearing it, so while working as a banking executive, travelling all the time, with various court proceedings going on, I got myself in a really bad situation before I acted to remedy it. I just kept going and going and going… and then it happened and I was on the front of the newspaper and leading the TV news bulletins.
GQ: You confused your physical capacity for emotional strength?
GH: They're all wrapped up together, aren't they? The reason I can push myself so hard physically is because mentally I can drive myself to do so – it's hand in glove. But I hit breaking point and I made a big mistake and unfortunately when you're in the limelight you don't get away with any error.
GQ: You eventually flew to the US and checked into a rehabilitation clinic in Arizona. How was that experience?
GH: Tough, but I've learnt more about myself in the past 12 months than I ever have. I worked out what drives me, what I want and I've learnt to let go of things. It's not like I found God, but I needed a circuit breaker. I was living a life that wasn't sustainable, so to get clarity was vital.
GQ: And is swimming part of that quest for clarity?
GH: Definitely. All the strength and pain and strategy is happening beneath the surface, you can't see it because swimming is a silent sport. That's a good thing for me – it stays internal and everything that surrounds it is so positive. I get a sense of gliding through the water at maximum efficiency in a perfect world when every atom of my being is in concert.
GQ: What of the comeback and the perception, in some quarters, it's simply about ameliorating your reputation?
GH: People think this return to swimming is a publicity stunt, an attempt to rescue my public profile. But you can't put your heart and soul into something just to catch some limelight and turn your reputation around. I've just gone back to my core values and that led me back to swimming. OK, I'm back on the national team after six years away and I'm the oldest ever athlete to do that. But the real goal was to enjoy myself.
GQ: Is the enjoyment there now?
GH: I've rediscovered the kind of enjoyment I had when I was a 15-year-old kid. The moment I stop feeling that, I'll stop. If that's a day before the Olympics, then so be it.
GQ: You'd honestly give up another shot at Olympic gold?
I'm not swimming for gold medals or records, so I don't feel pressure to qualify for the Olympics. I want to swim because I enjoy swimming fast and testing my own boundaries. For me, swimming is a privilege not an expectation. Most likely I'll go to the trials but that's not the journey I feel I'm on. I've been to the Games three times and won gold medals at two, so I have nothing to prove.
GQ: Is swimming your life's greatest pleasure these days?
GH: Watching my kids swim comes closer. They've only ever seen me swim once, on holidays at the Gold Coast last summer. I popped in to see my old coach and the guys egged me into jumping in – so I did, just a few laps. But afterwards, when we got back to Mum and Dad's, the kids went straight for the pool and tried to do what I did – the stroke, the kicking, the determination. Watching that, I knew it's not what you say that matters, it's what you do. ■

"PEOPLE THINK THIS RETURN IS A PUBLICITY STUNT, BUT YOU CAN'T PUT YOUR HEART AND SOUL INTO SOMETHING JUST TO TURN YOUR REPUTATION AROUND."


A LIFETIME TO CRAFT.
ANOTHER TO PERFECT.
CRAFTSMAN BOOTS. A LIFE'S WORK.
R. M. WILLIAMS
EST. 1932. AUSTRALIA

DAN ROOKWOOD

Are you an alpha or a beta male?



LIKE YOU, I WAS BROUGHT UP TO TRY MY BEST – TO AIM HIGH AND LEAD RATHER THAN FOLLOW. I therefore spent my formative years thinking that the alpha male was the apogee of manhood and the kind of role model one should aspire to. After all, he's the guy that gets all the money, the fast cars and pretty girls – and frankly, what *else* is there in life aged 16? Or 66?

A beta male, by contrast, is the apology of manhood – a sorry second-class excuse of a gentleman, low on expectations, energy and self-esteem. An empty vessel of unfulfilled potential, he lacks physical presence and charisma. That ain't me. It's not you either, right? You'd have to be a real beta male to self-identify as a beta.

But the more I think about it – it's all but consumed me the past half hour – the more I don't want to be an alpha either. Not anymore, because alphas are usually dicks, especially the ones we're supposed to like and/or envy. James Bond, Gordon Gekko, Don Draper, Christian Grey – each a hero to millions, but not a decent father, husband or friend among them.

It seems the rules of masculinity have shifted these past 10 years and it's left us all a bit clueless, confused and unsure of what we're supposed to be doing – know what I mean, PM? The goalposts we're aiming for have inched at a glacial creep – at least I haven't noticed a sudden tectonic shift in the landscape – but perhaps the recent rise of next-generation feminism is responsible for the movement?

Before I get lynched by the disciples of Lena Dunham, Germaine Greer, Emma Watson *et al*, let me be clear: this is a good thing. And I'm a fully-signed-up member of the latter's #HeForShe campaign, as of 30 seconds ago. If it's no longer acceptable to be an out-and-out alpha, who are we meant to admire and hold on high? What are we supposed to be shooting for? As men, we're in a tricky transitional phase (though, not of the full Bruce Jenner kind).

In reality, men don't neatly separate into two such distinct categories as alphas and betas; there's a spectrum. At one extreme we have the alpha-alpha – the classic arrogant and aggressive prick whose defining characteristic is not that he's argumentative, rather, he doesn't bother to argue. He makes decisions and ploughs on, oblivious to others' opinions, needs or justified objections. These are the guys who rule the world, wage wars and give it the 'Big I Am'.

At the other end of the scale are the beta-betas – society's weakest links, the mercilessly-whipped butt of every Hollywood rom-com and TV advert. They avoid risk, confrontation and effort wherever possible. As a result they tend to stare, catatonically slack-jawed, at the alphas who sweep up life's prizes.

Most of us will find our place somewhere between these extremes, but that's not to say it's a fixed position. It can be a sliding scale.

A friend of mine, Joe, owns a clothing label, barbershop and restaurant business (he's therefore up the alpha end, is Joe.) I recently asked him who his ideal customer is – his muse? "I think it's partially me, but an idealised version of myself," said Joe, bashfully. "He's a composite of friends of mine. He knows how to dress but doesn't spend a great deal of time thinking about it. He's smart without being a smartass. He can build and fix stuff but also cooks and bakes bread. He's strong but not from pumping iron in front of a mirror. He's tough but soft enough to show and share emotions. He can be a lot of fun on a boys' night out and is also a great husband and father. And he doesn't have to prove himself to everyone all the time."

He sounds amazing. And for a moment, I assumed Joe was describing me. "He's the alpha-beta male," concluded Joe. Yes, I thought, exactly that. And he's exactly who I want to become in the future.

The alpha-beta male isn't another meaningless made-up neologism – it's the new standard for modern, well-rounded masculinity combining the better characteristics of both alphas and betas. He's not all about himself – alpha trait – nor does he want to be led, beta-like. He's successful, but in a socially-acceptable way. He's collaborative, thoughtful and a good conversationalist. He's happy to do his bit, assumes absolute equality with his partner, and gets to grips with the business end of a vacuum cleaner. Not like that.

Many men try to explain away their shortcomings with excuses like, 'I'm just a typical bloke' or 'I'm a guy's guy', as if that's an acceptable disclaimer and a good reason for sticking to their position on the sliding scale. It's not. We should all strive to be better – but these days that means an alpha dialling things down a notch, not just betas dialling them up.

As *GQ* men, we're implored to hold ourselves to the very highest standard. And for the alpha-beta male, it's OK, even preferable, to deliberately be second best. ■

THIS MONTH DAN HAS BEEN...

DOING THE DOWNWARD DOG

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN PRETTY SPORTY. BUT YOGA? NAH. NOT FOR ME. MY WIFE, HOWEVER, IS TRAINING TO BECOME AN INSTRUCTOR AND NEEDED A GUINEA PIG TO PRACTISE ON. SEE, AS A PHYSICAL EXPRESSION OF MY NEWFOUND ALPHA-BETA MINDSET, I'M TRYING TO BE MORE, WELL, FLEXIBLE. SO I'VE GIVEN IT A GO, AND I LIKE IT. STILL CAN'T TOUCH MY TOES, MIND.

MEG MASON

Meg's step-by-step guide to not writing a novel



YOU'RE DOING A BANG-UP JOB OF PASSING AS A DERIVATIVES TRADER/THORACIC SURGEON/BRAND STRATEGIST BY DAY, BUT PRIVATELY, I SUSPECT, THERE'S A NOVEL IN YOU.

It's neither the subversive choice of tie nor the discreetly up-the-establishment work socks. It's more the fact that most trapped in thankless nine-to-five jobs, barely eking out a salary in the high six figures, harbour secret creative ambition.

And I mean novel in the emblematic sense. It could also be a screenplay, acoustic album or collection of darkly-humorous cinquains that critics would hail 'a dazzling debut from a prodigious new talent and one-time brand strategist'. If only there was time to sit down and do it.

Or even – and more likely – to sit down and *not* do it. Because time crunch is not the only factor in our ongoing failure to create art. I say this as someone who has spent the best part of five years sitting down and still not managed to write at least eight novels and a television pilot.

This means I offer no advice on how to vom up the novel inside you. However, I've plenty on how to make sure it remains an irritating hangnail of creativity you cannot stop picking at, in an ultimately bloody but unfulfilling way. And I'm hoping, with metaphors like that in the offing, the film rights to this page will become the subject of a ferocious studio bidding war and I'll be able to live comfortably off a two per cent back-end and finally get around to exploring my music.

So, noses near the grindstone, pencils sharpened – let's *not* get started.

Selecting the right font is the first step to *not writing* a novel. A classic 12-point Times New Roman, or something edgier – double-spaced Trebuchet – will have a huge impact on future sales, so don't cut corners at this early stage. Try all of them. And then with a drop shadow.

At some point, another pre-requisite is to 'control-A' everything written so far and see what it looks like in Lucida Typewriter, as though Ernest Hemingway himself had key-mashed it out on an old Corona – while a ceiling fan turned lazy circles above him and a dog gently barked in the distance (is someone getting this down – it's good!).

Speaking of Hemingway, he totally once claimed, "There is nothing to writing. All you do is sit down at a typewriter and bleed." That not only links with our theme, but would make a banging tweet. So best take a break and get that up, because the next step to *not writing* a novel is building a strong social media presence for eventual word-of-mouth sales.

While you're at it, spend an hour or two trolling Amazon, buying up writer's guides – Stephen King's *On Writing*, Steven Pressfield's *The War of Art* and *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Writing a Novel* (second edition) – to make sure you're doing it right. I'd knock off until they arrive, or at least use the time to reorganise your workspace – another key stride to *not writing* a novel. If there's a creative sweet spot, in terms of desk placement, you owe it to yourself to find it.

Meanwhile, if 'getting amongst it' inspires you, by all means pack the laptop and head to a cafe. See, cafes are great places to *not write* a novel, because despite various attempts, it's really hard to type while eating a breakfast burrito.

Also bear in mind that hours spent researching your chosen genre are never wasted. If a groundbreaking television series is in the works, you'd be mad to start before doing a close study of story arc and character development. To the outside world, yes, it looks like you're eating toast and binge-watching *Better Call Saul*, but that's only because you're in jarmies.

Oh, wouldn't toast and Vegemite hit the spot about now? Warm bread is a huge and often unsung hero to *not writing* a novel. A lie-down afterwards will be required, but that's only going to help with the next step.

Since this novel is going to make a lot of money – silly money – it's vital to have a sense of how you'll spend it when the time comes. Don't be the clown caught off guard by a staggering royalties cheque, without double private islands bookmarked on the Sotheby's website. When a successful writer says, 'Do your research,' this is what they mean.

Quick word count – wow, lower than we thought – but still, on to cover design. What are you thinking? What sells? Don't rush this because no publisher has ever accepted a manuscript without seeing the author's 'Cool Book Covers I Like' Pinterest page.

And publicity. Don't get so caught up googling names for your main characters that no time is left to thrash out a few ideas for your eventual Reddit Q&A. Far out, there's so much to do. Perhaps put a pin in chapter one for now, and at least go choose what to wear for your TED Talk.

Remember, these are only guidelines. The creative journey is a solitary one and in a sense, there are many ways to *not write* your novel. As long as you never actually write it. ■

MEG LOVES

...SO YOU'VE BEEN PUBLICLY SHAMED

THANKS TO THE INTERNET, THE FEAR OF A BRUTAL PUBLIC FAILING AND SUBSEQUENT MOB TRIAL IS NO LONGER RESERVED FOR POLITICIANS AND 'SHEQ' COLUMNISTS. THE DOORS ARE OPEN TO ALL, WHICH MEANS WE'D ALL DO WELL TO READ THE RECENTLY RELEASED *SO YOU'VE BEEN PUBLICLY SHAMED* BY HUMORIST JON RONSON.

ILLUSTRATIONS: GUY SHIELD.

THE GQ GROOM GUIDE

IN ASSOCIATION WITH

TIFFANY & CO.

THE ULTIMATE GROOM GUIDE

FROM THE RULES OF ENGAGEMENT, TO THE BIG DAY AND BEYOND – GQ WILL HELP YOU GET IT RIGHT.

WORDS **JAKE MILLAR**

Thinking about tying the knot? Or maybe your best mate is getting married? You're in luck – in the next issue, we'll be presenting the essential men's manual for all things wedding-related – whether it's how to pop the question or choosing the perfect engagement ring, right through to shoes, suiting, grooming, honeymoons and a whole lot more.

We hear you – planning a wedding can be daunting but, done right, it should be exciting and a lot of fun.

To help you on your way, the GQ Groom Guide is packed with expert advice and tips on the latest wedding trends to ensure you're ready to walk down the aisle in style.

Be sure to save the date, July 20, when the August issue goes on sale – and also head to *GQ.com.au* for our online Groom Guide. It features regular updates on everything from buying wedding gifts, to picking the perfect first dance song. Just remember to put our invitation in the post.



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*Free trial is for new digital consumers only. Paid subscription commences at conclusion of free trial period.

PAGE. 67 CHILLI COCKTAILS PAGE. 68 LONDON'S COOLEST POSTCODE PLUS THIS MONTH'S BEST OPENINGS

TASTE & TRAVEL

FOOD



MUSSEL SEASON

WINTER DELIVERS THE FRESHEST, TASTIEST HAUL – AND HERE'S HOW, AND WHERE, TO INDULGE.

WORDS **ANTHONY HUCKSTEP** PHOTOGRAPHY **JONATHAN CAMI**

Mussels may well be the perfect dish. Delicious, affordable and simple to cook, they even come with in-built spoons. Genius. While they can be enjoyed all year round, June heralds the arrival of a new season, and according to mussel man Andrew Puglisi, from South Australia's Kinkawooka Mussels, this year's crop is the best he's seen in a while.

The much-lauded *'Petit Bouchon'* have a thin, delicate shell and are bursting with plump, sweet meat. Puglisi says it's all down to the clean, nutrient-rich water that flows through Boston Bay, courtesy of the Great Southern Ocean.

"Mussels are filter feeders, which mainly eat the plankton and algae floating by," he explains. "So their flavour profile is a direct result of the environment they grow in."

The magic is born at the southern end of the bay. Each June, mussels the size of a football push spawn out into the water, with the hope of attaching to some sort of substrate – in this case Kinkawooka's ropes – where they'll grow over the next year until harvest-ready.

"They're then cleaned and beards removed as they surf along a series of knurled stainless steel bars that counter-rotate to grip and twist the beard out – saving you the hassle," says Puglisi.

They're vacuum-packed with 100ml of fresh water to stay alive and well fed, before being sent out, overnight, to market. All you have to do is throw them in the pot for a few minutes, pop on a bib and get messy.

DELICIOUS, AFFORDABLE AND SIMPLE TO COOK – MUSSELS EVEN COME WITH IN-BUILT SPOONS. GENIUS.

MUSSEL MYTHS



DE-BEARDING KILLS

It will cause the mussel stress – like getting a wax (we hear) – but the beard is attached to a muscle, not a vital organ. It can force the mussel to open and release the water it carries, which does lead to death, but if it gets a drink of water after being de-bearded, it will relax and stay alive.



UNOPENED EQUALS BAD

False. Some are just better at hanging on for dear life, and don't open as easily when cooked. Grab a knife, slide it in and it'll pop open. If a mussel is off – open or closed – it will emit a pungent odour, and you'll know it's a no-go.

THE RECIPE

TOM WALTON'S 15-MINUTE MUSSEL STEW

THE CHEF FROM BONDI'S THE BUCKET LIST SHARES THIS DELICIOUS DISH.

INGREDIENTS | SERVES 4-6

- 1kg KINKAWOOKA MUSSELS
- 1 SPANISH ONION
- 1 CLOVE GARLIC
- 60ml OLIVE OIL
- 1 tsp SMOKED PAPRIKA
- 1 tsp DRIED CHILLI FLAKES
- ¼ CUP WHITE WINE
- 500ml TOMATO PASSATA
- 100g KALAMATA OLIVES
- 1 X 440g TIN CHICKPEAS
- 1 LEMON
- ½ BUNCH PARSLEY
- 100g AIOLI
- SALT
- CRUSTY BREAD, TO SERVE

METHOD

Peel and dice the onion, and finely chop the garlic. Place a saucepan over a medium heat and add oil, onion, garlic, paprika, chilli and a little salt. Cook, stirring for five minutes. Pour in the wine, boil for two minutes, then add the tomato, olives, chickpeas and mussels. Cook for five minutes, stirring until the mussels pop open. In the meantime, pick and roughly chop the parsley and add to the stew with a squeeze of lemon and more salt (if required). Serve with aioli, bread and a decent craft beer. Happy days.





1



2



3



4



THE BEER TO DRINK

YOUNG HENRY'S NATURAL LAGER HAS JUST FOUR INGREDIENTS, HENCE, 'NATURAL'. A CRACKING DROP THAT COMPLEMENTS ANY MUSSEL DISH. *YOUNGHENRYS.COM*

EXPAND YOUR MUSSEL GAME

WANT SOME TIPS FROM AFRICOLA'S DUNCAN WELGEMOED? READ ON.

SMOKING

Add some smoking chips to a deep tray, then place a cooling rack over the top and add the unopened mussels. Cover with aluminium foil and place on the cooktop over a low heat. Smoke the mussels for 12-15 minutes, until they've opened and start to get a smoky tinge to the flesh. Eat straight away, or cover in olive oil and store in a sealed jar for up to six weeks.

PICKLING

Take 150ml red wine vinegar, 50g caster sugar, two garlic cloves, one bay leaf, half a teaspoon of toasted fennel seeds, half a teaspoon of toasted chilli seeds and a pinch of peppercorns. Heat all ingredients until boiling then remove from stove. Add freshly-shucked mussels and steep in the liquid until cold. Eat, or pop in a jar and store in the liquid for up to six weeks.

FIVE PLACES TO GRAB YOUR FIX

WHERE TO EAT

MELBOURNE

1. ROCKPOOL BAR & GRILL

Chef Zac Nicholson sautés diced Joselito *jamon ibérico* (cured Spanish ham), red onion, chilli, garlic and anchovies, then adds tomato to create a delicious creamy sauce. At service he pours in chicken stock, white wine, a ladle of the tomato sauce, and the mussels for 1-2 minutes until they open. A sprinkle of parsley, a squeeze of lemon and you're in heaven. *Crown Complex, Southbank; rockpool.com*



BRISBANE

2. JELLYFISH

New head chef Michael Kirwin is going old-school, serving a *bouillabaisse* this winter. Both warming and flavoursome, this French classic lets the seafood do all the talking, with mussels the *pièce de résistance*. After whipping up an intense shellfish stock, Kirwin adds the freshest *fruits de mer* at the last moment, showcasing their sweet, delicate flavours. In a word: yum. *Riverside Centre, 123 Eagle St; jellyfishrestaurant.com.au*





ADELAIDE

3. AFRICOLA

Adelaide is home to Australia's best African-influenced restaurant. And it's all thanks to chef Duncan Welgemoed, who plates up South Aussie mussels with South African overtones. Think charred lettuce and delicately-smoked mussels, served with spanner crab in a savannah butter sauce. FYI: prepare to have seconds. *4 East Tce; africola.com.au*

PERTH

4. INCONTRO

Chef Peter Manifis is the seafood king of the west. He throws everything in the pot in this order: onion, fennel, chilli, garlic, anchovies, new-season mussels, dill, rosemary, parsley, chardonnay, black pepper, shaved heirloom carrots and olive oil, cooked until the mussels open and served in the pot with crusty *pizza bianca*. *78 South Perth Esplanade; incontro.com.au*

SYDNEY

5. THE BUCKET LIST

Sold by the bucketload at rock-star chef Tom Walton's hip Bondi eatery, his mussels are given a cool Moroccan twist. A slow-cooked white wine and tomato-based sauce is spiked with the heat, fragrance and sweetness of harissa, preserved lemon, coriander and sultanas. Served with Israeli couscous and olives, it's a seriously yummy feed. *Queen Elizabeth Dr, Bondi; thebucketlistbondi.com*

THE UPDATE

OPENINGS

FIVE NEWCOMERS TO BE SEEN AT THIS MONTH.

SYDNEY
CONTINENTAL – DELI BAR BISTRO
From the masterminds behind Porteño and Bodega – Elvis Abrahanowicz and Joe Valore – comes a new star on the burgeoning Newtown food scene. By day, the downstairs serves as a deli, offering local hipsters the finest smallgoods (some even made in-house) and pickled vegetables. By night, the entire terrace turns bar and bistro, with the menu European-influenced. Given their award-winning track record, we're sounding this out as a game-changer. *210 Australia St, Newtown*

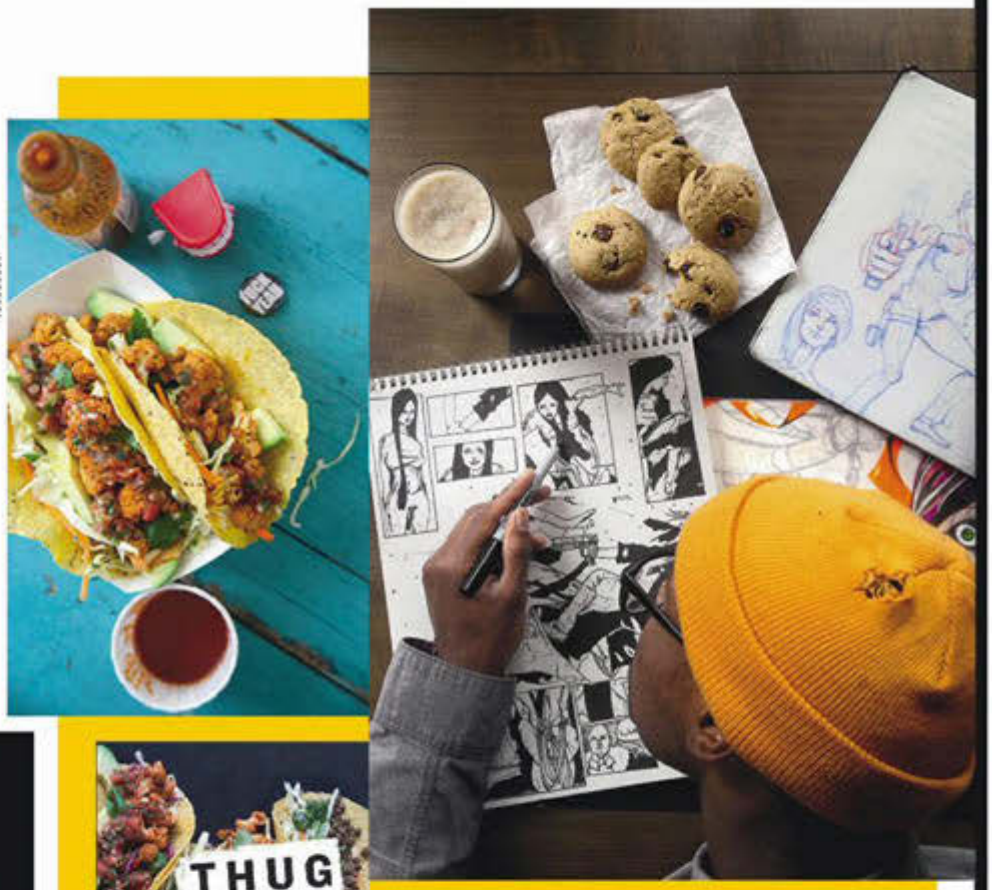
MELBOURNE
LADY CAROLINA
Say *hola* to this man of many restaurants, Paul Wilson (The Botanical, Newmarket Hotel) and his modern take on Peruvian street food. Fresh from new book *Cantina: Recipes from a Mexican Kitchen*, the British chef has headed north of the CBD and will open this mega 160-seater in July. Expect queues. *175-177 Lygon St, Brunswick East*

BYRON BAY
THE FARM
The boys behind Bronte's favourite breakfast destination, Three Blue Ducks, have hit Byron to add to their success and grow their own goods. Having ploughed 34 hectares of green space to create a unique farm-to-table dining experience, the aim is to produce 20 per cent of their food on-site. Can't get fresher than that. *11 Ewingsdale Rd, Byron Bay*

THE BARS

The Gretz
Hartsyard redefined Australia's perceptions of American cuisine. Now, owners Gregory Llewellyn and Naomi Hart are at it again with the finest new watering hole to open in recent years. This bar-cum-restaurant has the finest beers, wines and cocktails on offer, plus a small, specialised seafood menu. Order the Cloudy Bay Clams Casino – a staple straight from New England, USA. *125 Enmore Rd, Sydney*

Smalls
Entrepreneur Jess Ho wanted to showcase small producers of wine and spirits from all over the world – and has done exactly that in this cute vino bar. The dynamic list will change as different drops become available, but cocktails will be kept to the classics. As for food, the menu's small too – eight to 10 items that prove offal is tasty and vegetables can be the hero on a plate. *20-22 Yarra Place, Melbourne*





THUG KITCHEN, $35; HACHETTE.COM.AU

F-ING VEGANS

With the tagline 'eat like you give a f@ck', this sweary bible champions cleaner, healthier food. LA vegans Matt Holloway and Michelle Davis have had major cut-through with meat eaters, and here's the thing: there's no suggestion of giving up steak night. "Vegans have a reputation for being militant, but it is nice to have a healthy vegan meal sometimes," says Holloway. "You can be a normal meat-eating person and enjoy vegan meals too. Fuck man, give it a try." *thugkitchen.com*



POSH NOSH

CAVIAR, SIR?

Legend has it writer Truman Capote slathered it on his baked potatoes – and now you can too. Eight years in the making, this ambitious project means genuine Siberian Yasa Caviar is available in Australia, within 24 hours of harvesting. Big-name restaurants Rockpool, Sepia and Flying Fish have signed on, or grab your fix from Sydney's Victor Churchill or the David Jones Food Hall. Pricing starts at $65 for 20g, though breathe a sigh of relief because you can buy it in anything up to a kilo. *luxeseafoods.com.au*

FOOD SPEAK

Rendez-booze (n.)

A DESIGNATED MEETING PLACE WHERE TWO OR MORE FRIENDS GATHER TO ENJOY A MUCH-ANTICIPATED ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE.

WORDS: ANTHONY HUCKSTEP. PHOTOGRAPHY: GETTY IMAGES.

DRINKS

CHILLI COCKTAILS

GET SPICY WITH THE HOTTEST TREND IN BOOZE SINCE FLAMING B-52S, ONLY CLASSIER.

We love a winter whisky – an old-school nip of the dark stuff sees us through the cooler months without a problem. But to really turn up the heat, look no further than nature's own thermal blanket: chilli peppers.

As anyone who's been overzealous with the Sriracha knows, chilli delivers a knockout punch – but in the right hands, its subtly sweet, smoky characters also lend to a tasty tipple.

"I love chilli," says Aasha Sinha, bar manager at Sydney's QT Hotel. "It's an amazing ingredient and so versatile – it really brings this drink to life. The combination of flavours dances on the tip of your tongue and keeps the palate guessing."

See for yourself – head to QT's Gowings Bar & Grill and order the signature Sao Paulo (pictured), then pop home and make yourself another. *qthotels.com.au*

THE RECIPE

INGREDIENTS

2 LARGE PIECES OF FRESH PINEAPPLE (OR 30ml FRESHLY-SQUEEZED JUICE)
60ml CACHAÇA
10ml AGAVE
30ml FRESHLY-SQUEEZED LIME JUICE
1 CORIANDER STALK
GREEN HABANERO, TO TASTE
(OR ¼ tsp OF EL YUCATECO SAUCE)

METHOD

COMBINE ALL INGREDIENTS AND SHAKE HARD. FINE STRAIN OVER LARGE ROCKS INTO A LOWBALL GLASS AND GARNISH WITH A CHILLI AND CORIANDER LEAF.

EXTRA SPICE

HANKERING FOR HEAT? HERE'S THREE OTHER PLACES BOASTING THE CHILLI FACTOR.

LONGRAIN, SYDNEY AND MELBOURNE BLOODY LONGRAIN
FROM AUSTRALIA'S MOST HAPPENING THAI RESTAURANT, THIS COCKTAIL USES SWEET CHILLI '*NAHM JIM*' (DIPPING SAUCE) RATHER THAN TABASCO, TO ADD FRESH HEAT TO A CLASSIC BLOODY MARY. *LONGRAIN.COM*

CANVAS CLUB, BRISBANE
KUNG FU HUSTLE
THE CLUE'S IN THE TITLE. THIS ASIAN-INSPIRED CONCOCTION COMBINES GIN, LEMONGRASS AND VIETNAMESE MINT. SERVED OVER CRUSHED ICE, IT COMES WITH A TOUCH OF CHILLI TO KEEP HEADS SHARP AND THIRST QUENCHED. *CANVASCLUB.COM.AU*

TOKYO BIRD, SYDNEY THE DAISY
THIS YAKITORI BAR IS DISHING UP JAPANESE TWISTS ON CLASSIC COCKTAILS – THE DAISY BEING A SPIN ON THE MARGARITA. CAZADORES TEQUILA IS SHAKEN WITH AGAVE, LIME, FRESH CHILLI AND GARNISHED WITH JAPANESE SPICE MIX *SHICHIMI TŌGARASHI*. *TOKYOBIRD.COM.AU*

WORDS: ANTHONY HUCKSTEP. PHOTOGRAPHY: JONATHAN CAMI.

GQ DOES

PECKHAM

FORGET DALSTON (AND DEL BOY), THIS IS LONDON'S COOL NEW ENCLAVE.

Five clicks from the glitz of Mayfair, Peckham does its best to avoid the limelight. Cluttered with bookies, kebab vendors and dubious retailers like 'Armani' (a beautician), its streets are often filled with wailing sirens and the mixed aroma of weed and barbecue. But don't be fooled: it's also the most sought-after spot in England right now – this vibrant strip south of the Thames stealing the crown from former hipster post code, Dalston. First the artists came, then a party scene followed – without eroding the area's post-industrial charm.

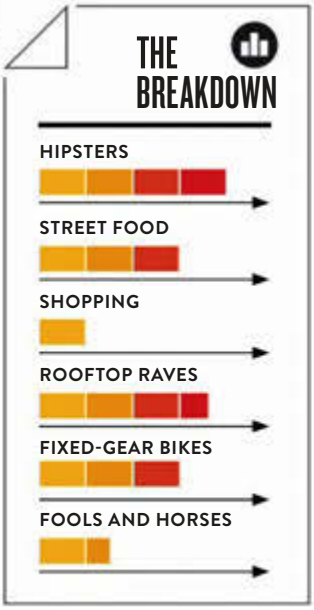
So, ignore the bright lights of the city centre and make the pilgrimage to enjoy this previously unloved corner of old London town.



SUITCASE ESSENTIALS

1. ACETATE 'YEATS' GLASSES, $95, BY BAILEY NELSON.
2. COTTON/LINEN SHIRT, $250, BY APC AT MR PORTER.
3. SUEDE SHOES, $770, BY BURBERRY PRORSUM.

THE BREAKDOWN



PLAN

Visit in summer, between June and September, when two of London's best high-rise venues open up. Frank's, on the 10th floor of a multistorey car park, mixes up negronis with stunning sunsets; the Bussey Building rooftop offers DJ sets and 360-degree views. Try the Peckham Independent [record] Label Fair (April), the trifecta of the Munch Food (July), Peckham and Nunhead Free Film (September) and Review Literary (November) festivals, or the Pexmas Christmas market (December). *frankscafe.org.uk; busseyrooftopbar.com*

STAY

After a rooftop rave, creature comforts are essential. The five-star Shangri-La Hotel sits atop London's most imposing architectural addition, The Shard, and delivers breathtaking vistas in unrivalled luxury. Closer to the action, try boutique options such as the unique decor of Camberwell's Church Street Hotel. *the-shard.com; churchstreethotel.com*

DO

South Londoners love their bikes – so head to the Herne Hill Velodrome to see the passion played out on track. Brunch on a 'Full Spanglish' at No. 67, then get a taste of the local arts scene at the attached South London Gallery. The Bussey's CLF (Chronic Love Foundation) Art Cafe hosts everything from techno raves to soul-fests. Peckham Palais is a famed local clubbing spot and Canavan's Peckham Pool Club kicks off when others are shutting their doors. *number67.co.uk; clfartcafe.org*

EAT

Welcome to the epicentre of London's street-food scene. Market stalls off Rye Lane tempt with grilled jerk chicken, and there's also a growing number of quirky pop-ups. One, Peckham Bazaar, is now a permanent venue, boasting a delicious pan-Balkan *mezze* menu. Thai street-food outfit The Begging Bowl is worth queuing for, Pedler dishes up tantalising mod-European eats (hello beef-dripping chips), while Peckham Refreshment Rooms offers superb tapas. Head to The Nines, tucked away in a car park, for macaroni cheese and duck rillettes. On Sundays, venture to neighbouring East Dulwich for gastropubs like The Herne Tavern and a traditional English roast lunch with all the trimmings. *peckhambazaar.com; thebeggingbowl.co.uk; peckhamrefreshment.com; theninespeckham.co.uk; thehernetavern.co.uk*

DRINK

Nestled under the arches near Peckham Rye station, drink in Bar Story's good-value cocktails and great DJs. Or hit Peckham Springs, a bar masquerading as a gallery space (or vice versa), and the Flying Pig, to taste your way through 130 different beers. *barstory.co.uk; peckhamsprings.co.uk; theflyingpiglondon.com*

SHOP

The joy of Peckham is exploring the graffiti-strewn alleyways to discover hidden gems. Case in point: Rye Wax, London's coolest record store, where you'll also find vintage comics and tasty Vietnamese food. Also track down the Review Bookshop and local butcher Flock & Herd. And Sunday mornings are about the Urban Farmers' Market – think breads, cheeses and all things organic and artisan. *ryewax.com; reviewbookshop.co.uk; flockandherd.com* ■

WORDS: NICK DUXBURY. PHOTOGRAPHY: GETTY IMAGES.



THE UPDATE

ON SET HOLIDAYS

TIME TO CALL 'ACTION'.

In the past couple of years, the number of Australians visiting Northern Ireland has drastically increased. Maybe it's the Gaelic football? Or the many linen museums? No, planes are loaded with *Game of Thrones* fanatics eager to visit the 'real' home of Jon Snow and Jaime Lannister.

Provided you can hold off binge-watching TV for a week, here's what else is trending in pop-culture tourism.

Walter White may be dead (or is he?) but Albuquerque, New Mexico, is alive with *Breaking Bad* bus and cycling tours. Wear dark shades for a trip to see Heisenberg's house, the A1 Car Wash and the Dog House drive-in.

For the historically inclined, Highclere Castle (aka *Downton Abbey)* in the English county of Hampshire opens its doors to tourists June to September.

Want to have a nosy around District 12? Head on out to North Carolina's Transylvania County, where *The Hunger Games* was filmed. It was also the location for *The Last of the Mohicans*, so kill two birds with one, erm, bow and arrow.

One more: upcoming, Oscar-tipped *The Revenant*, starring Leonardo DiCaprio, was shot in the British Columbia wilderness. Book now and pack thermals.



THE PURCHASE

LEATHER/CANVAS 'TRIBAL MASK' LUGGAGE TAG, $425, BY LOUIS VUITTON.

STAY HERE

Not every day are Sydneysiders treated to a cool hotel opening, so The Old Clare in Chippendale has caused quite the stir. A project by Singapore design guru Loh Lik Peng, this cosy 60-room property is billed as "chic, eccentric and gritty". Not convinced it ticks all the boxes? Well, Sam Miller, from world-famous Danish eatery Noma, is opening one of its three restaurants. We can't wait (but will have to), with bookings taken from July. *theoldclare.com.au*



STARGAZING

What do you see when looking at the night sky? Chances are, not much.

The trend for 'Dark Sky' tourism puts an end to that, with travellers veering off the well-lit path to Hawaii, Namibia and, closer to us, the world's biggest Dark Sky Reserve in Aoraki Mackenzie, New Zealand. Lakeview Tekapo even has sky-windows above the beds – because stargazing in your jim-jams is cool. While on the topic, *SkyView*, *Night Sky* and *Sky Map* apps offer a virtual view of the heavens so you know what's up there. *lakeviewtekapo.co.nz*

57

PERCENTAGE OF AUSSIES WHO PREFER A WINDOW SEAT. 32 PER CENT GO FOR AISLE AND ONE PER CENT OPT FOR THE MIDDLE. WEIRDOS.*

WORDS: FIONA JOY. *THE OTHER 10 PER CENT DIDN'T CARE. STATISTICS FROM *IWANTTHATFLIGHT.COM.AU*

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ASUS recommends Windows.

Chi



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THE LAB



EYES IN THE SKY

DRONES ARE NO LONGER CHILD'S PLAY – THIS NEW BREED OF PERSONAL HOVER-BOTS ARMED WITH IMPRESSIVE HD CAMERAS.

WORDS **CHARLIE BURTON & STUART McGURK** PHOTOGRAPHY **MATTHEW BEEDLE**



WE PILOT THE FANCIEST FLYING MACHINES ON THE MARKET.

DRONE RANGERS

THE BREAKDOWN

	'Phantom 2 Vision Plus' by DJI	'CX-20 Auto Pathfinder' by Century UK	'X5C Quadcopter' by Syma	'AR Drone' by Parrot
Flight time	25 minutes	10 minutes	7 minutes	12 minutes
Range	Up to 800 metres	Up to 500 metres	Up to 30 metres	Up to 199 metres
Camera specs	14 megapixel	Mount for GoPro	Two megapixel HD	720p HD
Handset, tablet or iPhone	Handset plus iPhone	Handset	Handset	iPhone or tablet
Method of control	Radio-control with GPS	Self-generated wi-fi network	Radio-control	Radio-control with GPS
Weight	1284g	950g	916g	Up to 420g

1. 'PHANTOM 2 VISION PLUS' BY DJI

The ultimate photography drone for the layman, the 'Phantom 2' has the greatest range (800m) and longest battery life (25 minutes) of all the drones on test, and, to control it effectively at that distance, your iPhone can clip to the controller, giving you a pilot's point of view. A cinch to control, it also has a brilliant stabilising connection, which buffers any blade judder from the camera, giving the smoothest footage.

$1519; store.dji.com

WIN: BEST DISTANCE, BATTERY AND VIDEO-CAPTURE

FAIL: YOU PAY FOR IT; EASILY THE MOST EXPENSIVE

2. 'CX-20 AUTO PATHFINDER' BY CENTURY UK

Lacking a gimbal system or iPhone connectivity, the 'Pathfinder' isn't particularly sophisticated, but its affordability and (near) indestructibility more than make up for that. The wider positioning of the GPS and the compass increases accuracy and stability, but the hover function remains a little shaky. A great model if you're an entry-level enthusiast looking for a good GoPro platform. *POA; centuryuk.com*

WIN: PERFECT INTRODUCTORY UNIT FOR KEEN AMATEURS

FAIL: FALLS BEHIND ON LACK OF GIMBAL FOR CAMERA

3. 'X5C QUADCOPTER' BY SYMA

A curious beast, it's a similar weight and size (around 1kg) to the high-performance models, but the specs are quite budget: just a seven-minute flight time, 30-metre range, and lowly two-megapixel camera (which is still OK). Still, as a cheap option for local area photography, it's hard to beat.

$89.99; ebay.com.au

WIN: YOU CAN'T ARGUE WITH THE PRICE

FAIL: THE SPECIFICATIONS ARE ENTRY-LEVEL, AT BEST

4. 'AR DRONE' BY PARROT

The drone for nervous flyers, the Parrot 'AR' comes with a handy wraparound polystyrene and plastic shell, ensuring blades are non-lethal objects. Downsides? You have to control it from your iPhone, which makes it harder to steer. For the price, however, the 720p HD camera – you can take stills via the iPad app – was the best we tested.

$399.95; apple.com/au

WIN: IT'S GOT A GREAT CAMERA FOR THE PRICE

FAIL: NO DEDICATED CONTROLLER

NEW ACTION HEROES

BECAUSE IT'S NOT ALL GOPRO, YOU KNOW. HERE, SOME OTHER PORTABLE DEVICES TO FOCUS ON.

1. 'HX-A500' BY PANASONIC

One for the specialist, the Panasonic camera is really a shooter in two parts: the (slightly cumbersome) body, complete with screen, and the cigar-like camera itself, attached by cord. It's an odd set-up, but allows a relatively small camera unit to shoot not just HD, but 4K (the only one on test). It even has direct HDMI output, but in practice, we found the format awkward.
POA; panasonic.com/au/
WIN: DIRECT HDMI OUTPUT; SHOOTS IN 4K
FAIL: FAIRLY UGLY; AWKWARD SHAPE

2. 'WG-M1' BY RICOH

The heavy-duty Ricoh provided by far the most normal image on test, lacking the fishbowl distortion of others, and belying its stated 160-degree angle lens. Add to that a chassis (waterproof to 10m, shockproof, dust-proof, probably re-entry proof) you could shoot to Mars, along with a range of clips and attachments, and you'll realise it's the best choice for outdoorsmen.
$329; camera-warehouse.com.au
WIN: TOUGH; LEAST DISTORTED IMAGE; BEST VALUE
FAIL: ALMOST FOUR TIMES HEAVIER THAN THE SONY AND POLAROID

3. 'CUBE' BY POLAROID

We couldn't help but love the Polaroid 'Cube'. Just look how twitchy it is. Remarkably, though, it's not short on oomph. Sure, there's no wi-fi for live screening (standard on all the others), and at 124 degrees, it has the narrowest angle on test, but still shoots in full 1080p HD and can mount with either an optical clip. Or, our favourite, magnetically, meaning you can just sit it on any metal surface and press record.
$150; polaroid.com.au
WIN: SMALL AND NEAT
FAIL: NOT THE MOST FULLY FUNCTIONAL; FIXING BOUGHT SEPARATELY

4. 'HDR-AZ1VR' BY SONY

Put simply, one of the most powerful action-cams out there (60 frames per second on full-HD), the best protected (well, with the supplied protective case), the easiest user-interface, the second-lightest (63g to the Polaroid's 47g), and it even has a 'live view' strap-on screen. Throw in a range of fixings and the only thing to give pause is the price tag. Trust us, though, it's worth it.
$499; sony.com.au
WIN: SEPARATE LIVE-VIEW SCREEN; TINY BUT POWERFUL
FAIL: IT'S NOT CHEAP

THE BREAKDOWN	'HX-A500' by Panasonic	'WG-M1' by Ricoh	'Cube' by Polaroid	'HDR-AZ1VR' by Sony
Resolution	4K	1080p	1080p	1080p
Weight	31g (camera), 128g (unit)	190g	47g	63g
Camera angle	160 degrees	160 degrees	124 degrees	170 degrees
Waterproof?	3 metres	10 metres	No	5 metres (but only with supplied case)
Shockproof?	No	2 metres	No	Yes (but only in supplied case)



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PAGE. 78 CHUNKY KNITWEAR PAGE. 82 LAYER UP, GENTS PAGE. 86 BOOTS PLUS TORTOISESHELL GLASSES

OUTFITTER



WEAR WINTER WELL

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO BREEZE THROUGH THE CHILLY SEASON IN STYLE.

WOOL/LEATHER BLAZER, $4500, BY **LOUIS VUITTON**; COTTON JUMPER, $950, AND LEATHER TOTE, $2250, BOTH BY **BALLY**; COTTON 'STRIKEY' JEANS, $229, BY **NUDIE JEANS**; SUEDE 'BEXLEY' BOOTS, $149, BY **COUNTRY ROAD**; ACETATE/METAL SUNGLASSES, $330, BY **PERSOL** AT **SUNGLASS HUT**; STAINLESS STEEL 'SPEEDMASTER MOONWATCH' WATCH, $6200, BY **OMEGA**.

STYLING **EMMA FAGG** PHOTOGRAPHY **GEORGINA EGAN; EDWARD URRUTIA; NIGEL LOUGH**

STYLE

BLAZER GLORY

FROM WORK TO CASUAL TO FORMAL – PULL TOGETHER EVERY LOOK WITH THIS VERSATILE STAPLE.

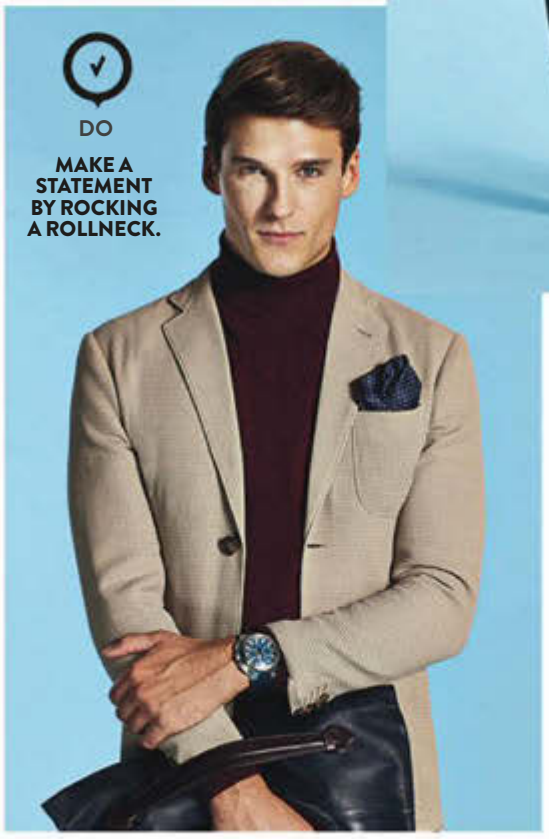
1



WOOL/TWEED 'HYDE SPORTS' JACKET, $495, BY **CAMBRIDGE**; COTTON 'OWEN' T-SHIRT, $69, BY **MARCS**; COTTON-BLEND PANTS, $289, BY **ACNE STUDIOS** AT **MR PORTER**; COTTON SOCKS, $35, BY **PAUL SMITH**; LEATHER 'GERARD' SHOES, $359, BY **BRANDO**; SILK POCKET SQUARE, $69, BY **BOSS MENSWEAR**; STAINLESS STEEL 'HERITAGE 1973' WATCH, $3900, BY LONGINES; LEATHER BRIEFCASE, $1995, BY **BALLY**.

DON'T

GO TOO TIGHT – IF IT PULLS AND FORMS AN 'X' WHEN BUTTONED, IT'S NOT THE RIGHT FIT.



DO

MAKE A STATEMENT BY ROCKING A ROLLNECK.

2

VISCOSE ELASTANE JACKET, $2640, BY **GIORGIO ARMANI**; CASHMERE ROLLNECK, $130, BY **UNIQLO**; SILK POCKET SQUARE, $34.95, BY **TM LEWIN**; STAINLESS STEEL 'CHRONO HAWK' WATCH, $19,840, BY **GIRARD-PERREGAUX**; LEATHER 'ARROW' PORTFOLIO, $400, BY **A-ESQUE**.

3

WOOL 'T-HESSET' BLAZER, $1399, BY **BOSS MENSWEAR**; COTTON JUMPER, $1000, BY **DIOR HOMME**; COTTON PANTS, $180, BY **CALVIN KLEIN JEANS**; COTTON-BLEND SOCKS, $35, BY **PAUL SMITH**; LEATHER SNEAKERS, $595, BY **BALLY**; STAINLESS STEEL/ACETATE 'CISCO' SUNGLASSES, $289, BY **KSUBI**; LEATHER/COTTON 'LOUIS' TOTE, $280, BY **SABA**; STAINLESS STEEL 'CALIBRE 7 TWIN-TIME' WATCH, $3600, BY **TAG HEUER**.



DO

BLEND SMART AND CASUAL WITH A JUMPER OR T-SHIRT.

4 5

COTTON BLAZER, $139, BY **ZARA MAN**; COTTON 'STANLEY' SHIRT, $169, BY **NUDIE JEANS**; COTTON 'BALTIC' CHINOS, $139, BY **MARCS**; COTTON-BLEND SOCKS, $35, BY **PAUL SMITH**; LEATHER 'URDON' BOOTS, $539, BY **BOSS ORANGE**; SILK POCKET SQUARE, $34.95, BY **TM LEWIN**; STAINLESS STEEL 'SPEEDMASTER RACING' WATCH, $5625, BY **OMEGA**.

COTTON BLAZER, $1895, BY **BALLY**; COTTON-BLEND 'DAVID BECKHAM MODERN ESSENTIALS' T-SHIRT, $19.95, BY **H&M**; COTTON JEANS, $970, BY **DIOR HOMME**; LEATHER LOAFERS, $610, BY **TOD'S**; STAINLESS STEEL 'SEAMASTER AQUA TERRA' WATCH, $7050, BY **OMEGA**.



DON'T

FEAR A DOUBLE-BREASTED BLAZER. AND A SOLID COLOUR WILL COMPLEMENT AN ENTIRE WARDROBE.



DO

TRY A DENIM SHIRT FOR AN EDGIER APPROACH.



DO

MAKE SURE THE CUFFS ARE THE RIGHT LENGTH. THEY SHOULD NEVER FALL PAST YOUR WATCH.

6

WOOL 'HYDE SPORTS' JACKET, $395, BY **CAMBRIDGE**; COTTON 'HIGGS' SHIRT, $99, BY **JACK LONDON**; COTTON-BLEND 'DAVID BECKHAM MODERN ESSENTIALS' CHINOS, $29.95, BY **H&M**; COTTON-BLEND SOCKS, $35, LEATHER 'JACKSON' SHOES, $505, AND SILK-BLEND 'HANDS' SCARF, $290, ALL BY **PAUL SMITH**; ACETATE GLASSES, $329, BY **PERSOL** AT **OPSM**; SILK POCKET SQUARE, $69, BY **BOSS MENSWEAR**; STAINLESS STEEL 'CARRERA CALIBRE 5' WATCH, $4500, BY **TAG HEUER**.

THE PURCHASE

PICK OF THE KNITS

SNUGGLE UP IN A TEXTURED JUMPER.



1. COTTON JUMPER, $120, BY **WITCHERY MAN.** 2. COTTON/SILK JUMPER, $795, BY **BALLY.**
3. WOOL 'TORIN' JUMPER, $149, BY **AQUILA.** 4. WOOL JUMPER, $1100, BY **PRADA.**

PHOTOGRAPHY: EDWARD URRUTIA.

MY STYLE

INTERNATIONAL FASHION AUTHORITY AND PART OF THE NEW YORK COOL-KID NETWORK, DEREK BLASBERG IS ALSO THE FACE OF WESTFIELD'S AW15 CAMPAIGN, HIS DAYS SPENT TRAVELLING THE GLOBE SPOTTING NEW TRENDS.



Wish list
DEREK ROSE PYJAMAS
"I've always wanted to own a Cartier 'Tank' watch and a vintage '80s Mercedes convertible. One day! But the next time I feel like treating myself, I'm going to indulge in some old-school monogrammed pyjamas and cashmere socks."
*Cotton 'Lingfield' pyjama set, approx. $235, by **Derek Rose** at **Mr Porter**.*

Get his look
CALIBRE SUIT
"Some men think suits can be boring, which simply isn't true. I love this Calibre suit because it has just the right pop of colour."
***Calibre** at **Westfield**.*

Get his look
LOUIS VUITTON BAG
"I wish everything I owned had my monogram on it. This bag is great because it fits everything in and has been everywhere with me."
*Canvas/leather 'Mon Monogram Keepall' overnight bag, from $2100, by **Louis Vuitton**.*



Get his look
SAINT LAURENT SHIRT
"I love what Hedi [Slimane] does and, like so many other fashion fans, I was happy when he came back and took over Saint Laurent. There's a nonchalant elegance to his clothes."
*Silk shirt, approx. $930, by **Saint Laurent** at **Mr Porter**.*



"THIS SHIRT IS SOFT SILK AND I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIKE A SILK SHIRT."



Get his look
HERMÈS WATCH
*Stainless steel 'Cape Cod' watch, $8650, by **Hermès**.*



Get his look
LOUIS VUITTON SHOES
*Leather 'Greenwich' shoes, $1210, by **Louis Vuitton**.*

PHOTOGRAPHY: NIGEL LOUGH. GROOMING: TIARNA CARMONT AT DETAIL FOR MEN USING AMERICAN CREW.

GQ LOVES

FIVE THINGS THE TEAM WOULD LIKE, *SVP.*



1

WATCH
"There's nothing like a Christopher Nemeth print. I love the way the intricate design perfectly fits the face of this LV timepiece."
BARNABY ASH, FASHION EDITOR
STAINLESS STEEL 'DAMIER NEMETH' WATCH, $3750, BY **LOUIS VUITTON**.



2

BELT
"There's watching your waistline, then there's other people watching your waistline – more specifically, this two-tone number."
MIKE CHRISTENSEN, CHIEF SUBEDITOR
LEATHER BELT, $560, BY **PRADA**.

3

BAG
"The perfect addition to a winter wardrobe, it's stylish, classic and big enough to hold everything you need each day."
JOSH BEGGS, ART DIRECTOR
LEATHER BAG, $2135, BY **GUCCI**.





4

CARD HOLDER
"Stash your cash in this sleek strip of leather from Dolce."
EMMA FAGG, MARKET EDITOR
LEATHER CARD HOLDER, POA, BY **DOLCE & GABBANA**.



5

SHOES
"Whether dressed up with a suit, or down with jeans, these are a versatile investment. Handy, because you'll never want to take them off."
JAKE MILLAR, FEATURES WRITER
LEATHER BROGUES, $1070, BY **PRADA**.

PHOTOGRAPHY: EDWARD URRUTIA.



ACETATE GLASSES, $575, BY TOM FORD AT HEALY OPTICAL.

ACETATE/ METAL GLASSES, $525, BY THOM BROWNE.

ACETATE GLASSES, $450, BY GUCCI EYEWEAR.

ACETATE/ METAL GLASSES, $480, BY GUCCI EYEWEAR.

ACETATE GLASSES, $349, BY BURBERRY EYEWEAR AT OPSM.

PHOTOGRAPHY: EDWARD URRUTIA.

OPTIONS

SPECS APPEAL

TORTOISESHELL FRAMES HAVE SAT ON THE NOSE OF MANY A DAPPER MAN SINCE THE ’20s. AND THEY’RE JUST AS STYLISH TODAY.



THE LAYER GAME

COTTON-BLEND 'SHERPA' JACKET, $180, BY **ROLLAS**; COTTON 'TODD' BOMBER JACKET, $88, BY **TOPMAN**; COTTON 'LS MOD' SHIRT, $99.95, BY **BEN SHERMAN**; COTTON/ELASTANE PANTS, $325, COTTON-BLEND 'DAMSON' SOCKS, $35, AND LEATHER BELT, $255, ALL BY **PAUL SMITH**; LEATHER 'BIRO' BROGUES, $339, BY **CALIBRE**; ACETATE SUNGLASSES, $380, BY **PERSOL** AT **SUNGLASS HUT**; STAINLESS STEEL 'SEABROOK MILITARY' WATCH, $250, BY **GANT**.

WOOL 'BROSBY' CARDIGAN, $420, BY **SAND**; WOOL 'LEVENS' SUIT, $899, BY **MJ BALE**; COTTON 'JAX' SHIRT, $189, BY **FARAGE**; SILK TIE, $270, BY **GIORGIO ARMANI**; LEATHER 'T-LEGOM' SHOES, $1099, BY **BOSS MENSWEAR**; ACETATE GLASSES, $450, BY **DOLCE & GABBANA** AT **OPSM**; METAL TIE CLIP, $59.95, BY **HARDY AMIES**; WOOL/FELT 'SPEAKEASY' FEDORA, $250, BY **AKUBRA** AT **STRAND HATTERS**.

NYLON/LEATHER PUFFER VEST, $1425, BY **SALVATORE FERRAGAMO**; COTTON 'QUILTED' SHIRT, $180, AND COTTON 'NATE' TOP, $70, BOTH BY **VANISHING ELEPHANT**; WOOL 'ALTRO' PANTS, $219, BY **TED BAKER**; LEATHER SHOES, $3695, BY **BALLY**; COTTON/LEATHER 'DAVID' BELT, $59.95, BY **TRENERY**; STAINLESS STEEL 'LEGEND DIVER' WATCH, $2750, BY **LONGINES**; LEATHER/COTTON 'HUDZON' GLOVES, $119, BY **BOSS MENSWEAR**.



PHOTOGRAPHY: GEORGINA EGAN. GROOMING: TAYLOR LAVIS AT DETAIL FOR MEN USING AMERICAN CREW. MODEL: TOM BOTTCHER AT PRISCILLAS.

MIX UP LENGTHS, LEAVE BUTTONS UNDONE, AND WHEN DECIDING ON A TOP, WEAR SEVERAL.

COTTON 'TRUCKER' VEST, $99.95, BY **LEVI'S**; NYLON 'ULTRA LIGHT' COAT, $150, BY **UNIQLO**; WOOL-BLEND KNIT JUMPER, $120, BY **BEN SHERMAN**; COTTON 'NEWTON' CHINOS, $109, BY **JACK LONDON**; COTTON-BLEND SOCKS, $35, BY **PAUL SMITH**; SUEDE SHOES, $240, BY **VANISHING ELEPHANT**; ACETATE 'LEMTOSH' SUNGLASSES, FROM $299, BY **MOSCOT** AT **THE STABLES**; STAINLESS STEEL 'CARRERA CALIBRE 5' WATCH, $4500, BY **TAG HEUER**.

WOOL 'JOHNNY' BOMBER JACKET, $449, BY **ARTHUR GALAN AG**; WOOL-BLEND SHIRT, $420, BY **BASSIKE**; COTTON/CASHMERE 'DAX' TOP, $99, BY **MARCS**; COTTON CHINOS, $120, BY **BEN SHERMAN**; COTTON-BLEND SOCKS, $35, BY **PAUL SMITH**; SUEDE BROGUES, $260, BY **VANISHING ELEPHANT**; NYLON BACKPACK, $269, BY **A/X ARMANI EXCHANGE**; STAINLESS STEEL 'AVIATOR' WATCH, $1999, BY **BALL**; LEATHER BELT, $510 BY **PRADA**.

COTTON PUFFER JACKET, $479, BY **JACK LONDON**; COTTON JACKET, $2800, BY **DIOR HOMME**; COTTON 'DAVID BECKHAM MODERN ESSENTIALS' SWEATSHIRT, $29.95, BY **H&M**; COTTON CHINOS, $89.95, BY **THE ACADEMY BRAND**; COTTON-BLEND SOCKS, $35, BY **PAUL SMITH**; COTTON/RUBBER SNEAKERS, $135, BY **SPRINGCOURT**; ACETATE 'LEMTOSH' SUNGLASSES, $499, BY **MOSCOT** AT **THE STABLES**.

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BOSSING BOOTS

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TOP

LEATHER 'MARLIN' BOOTS, $715, BY **TOD'S**; LEATHER '1958' BOOTS, $499, BY **AQUILA**; LEATHER BOOTS, $270, BY **VANISHING ELEPHANT**; SUEDE/ LEATHER 'ST STEPHENS' BOOTS, $249, BY **RODD & GUNN**; LEATHER BOOTS, $520, BY **FEIT**; LEATHER 'MOCCBOOT' BOOTS, $200, BY **WINDSOR SMITH**.

PHOTOGRAPHY: EDWARD URRUTIA.

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PAGE. 90 WINTER SURVIVAL GUIDE PAGE. 92 THE NEW LYNX EFFECT (REALLY) PLUS HERMÈS' LATEST FRAGRANCE

GROOMING



Penhaligon's 'Bayoles Face Scrub', $49 (150ml)
A modern take on its 'Bay Rhum' classic, this is an ideal pre-shave face prep. *libertineparfumerie.com.au*

Captain Fawcett 'Booze & Baccy Beard Oil', $59.95 (50ml)
Honeyed tobacco leaves and touches of rum make this a standout in the category. Works just fine as an aftershave too. *mensbiz.com.au*

Prospector Co 'Wormwood Absinthium Moisturising Cream', $34.95 (236ml)
No sightings of the green fairy, but this formulation has a faint cucumber scent and is free of artificial additives and colourings. Good for sensitive skin. *saison.com.au*

Malin+Goetz 'Rum Body Wash', $44 (473ml); 'Mojito Lip Balm', $12 (7g)
Lightly scented, this foaming cleanser gets the job done quick smart in the shower and looks great on any bathroom shelf. The balm moisturises, protects, soothes and tastes like an expertly-mixed cocktail. What's not to love? *mecca.com.au*

Blind Barber 'Wild Watermint Gin Facial Cleanser', $40 (200ml)
Hailing from a small barbershop in NYC's East Village, this label's garnering worldwide acclaim for the quality of its ingredients and nods to barbering traditions. A pre-bed face wash ensuring sweet, boozy dreams. *pureman.com.au*

BOOZE AND BACCY

FRAMED BY OLD-SCHOOL GENTLEMEN'S CLUBS, ALCOHOL-INSPIRED AND CIGAR-INFUSED PRODUCTS ARE DRINKING IN AND LIGHTING UP THIS LATEST TREND.

EDITED BY **DAVID SMIEDT** PHOTOGRAPHY **EDWARD URRUTIA**

SURVIVING THE COLD

BITING WINDS, OVERHEATED OFFICES AND CRISP NIGHTS – YES, WINTER COMES WITH ITS OWN GROOMING CHALLENGES. STAY PROTECTED WITH THESE ESSENTIALS.



HANDS
FEW THINGS ARE MORE UNAPPEALING THAN CHAPPED MITTS, PARTICULARLY WHEN SHAKING HANDS IS PART OF YOUR JOB.
THE KIT: ClarinsMen 'Active Hand Care', $24 (75ml)
Light, non-scented and quickly absorbed, keep this in the work desk drawer and apply once a day. *adorebeauty.com.au*

COMPLEXION
BRONZE PERKS UP THE MOST SALLOW OF WINTER'S SHADES, BUT, AS EVER, ERR ON THE SUBTLE SIDE. YOU WANT A TOUCH AND NO MORE.
THE KIT: Dr Hauschka 'Translucent Bronzing Tint', $62 (30ml)
Certified organic ingredients? Tick. Natural coverage? Tick. Blemish cover? Tick. *drhauschka.com.au*

MUSCLES
IT'S EASY TO NEGLECT THE WARM-UP OR COOL-DOWN DURING WINTER WORKOUTS, BUT YOUR BODY WILL REMIND YOU THE NEXT DAY. HERE'S A COMPROMISE.
THE KIT: Jack Black 'Body Rehab Scrub & Muscle Soak', $44.95 (420ml)
Eucalyptus and shea butter are the prime movers in this multi-tasker that doubles as a body exfoliator. *mensbiz.com.au*

LIPS
SUSCEPTIBLE TO A CRACKED PUCKER THIS TIME OF YEAR? THEN TAKE PREVENTATIVE ACTION RATHER THAN ATTEMPTING TO FIX WHAT'S ALREADY BEEN DAMAGED.
THE KIT: Tom Ford 'Hydrating Lip Balm For Men', $38 (10ml)
Natural oils, butters and vitamins smooth and condition for a matte effect. *davidjones.com.au*

BEARD
A RUGGED LOOK CAN MEAN TRADITIONAL AFTERSHAVES DON'T REACH THE SKIN AND DISSIPATE QUICKLY. THAT'S WHERE A BEARD OIL IS NEEDED, PULLING DOUBLE DUTY AS A SCENT AND CONDITIONER.
THE KIT: Penhaligon's 'Sartorial Beard Oil', $96 (100ml)
Notes of ginger, cedarwood, oakmoss and violet leaf make this a scent for the ages. Four drops is all that's required and it also makes a nifty shaving oil too. *libertineparfumerie.com.au*



EYES
WITHOUT THE BURNISH THAT COMES WITH AN AUSTRALIAN SUMMER, DARK CIRCLES AND BAGS ARE ACCENTUATED. SPECS WEARERS, BEWARE – LENSES CAN ACT AS MAGNIFYING GLASSES.
THE KIT: La Prairie 'Anti-Aging Eye and Lip Contour Cream', $230 (20ml)
Amino acids fill wrinkles and hollows while an anti-discolouration complex brightens the skin. *laprairie.com.au*

NOSE
IF YOU'RE BURDENED WITH WINTER COLDS, CHANCES ARE YOUR NOSE ENDS UP RED, SORE AND TENDER. CUE A BARRIER CREAM AS A VALUABLE ALLY.
THE KIT: Aesop 'Elemental Facial Barrier Cream', $60 (60ml)
Not just for the nose but great for sensitive skin all over and provides intensive moisturising. *aesop.com*

HAIR
ARTIFICIALLY-HEATED ENVIRONMENTS DRY OUT THE SCALP AND LEAD TO FLAKING AND LANK LOCKS.
THE KIT: Hanz de Fuko 'Natural Shampoo', $25.95 (237ml)
No parabens, no sulphates and 16 plant-based extracts for thicker, more manageable hair. Perfect. *theiconic.com.au*

CHIN
FRESHLY-SHAVED CHINS EXPOSED TO BRISK BREEZES EQUAL REDNESS, SO, COME SHORT DAYS AND LONG NIGHTS, THIS AREA BENEFITS FROM AN EXTRA DOLLOP OF MOISTURE.
THE KIT: Giorgio Armani 'Crema Nera Extrema Serum', $350 (75ml)
A hefty price tag but only a small amount is required for instant hydration. It's also highly effective on rashes. *armani.com*

NECK
BE IT ROCKIN' THE WINTER STUBBLE OR KEEPING IT CLEAN, INGROWN HAIRS ARE A PERENNIAL NEMESIS. REPEAT: EXFOLIATION IS YOUR FRIEND.
THE KIT: Lab Series 'Invigorating Face Scrub', $38 (100ml)
Apricot seeds and polyethylene beads slough away dead skin cells while menthol delivers a bracing kick. *labseries.com*

FOREHEAD
PRONE TO BREAK OUTS (AND PARTIAL TO A WINTER BEANIE)? THIS IS THE BIGGEST EXPANSE OF SKIN ON SHOW, SO KEEP IT SMOOTH AND MOISTURISED.
THE KIT: La Mer 'The Lifting and Firming Mask', $300 (50ml)
Concentrated to serum strength, it's enriched with marine plant stem cells for a fresh appearance. Brush on, let it sink in for 10 minutes and you're good to go. Use twice weekly. *cremedelamer.com.au*

WINTER SUPPLEMENTS

It's all very well nailing your regimen from the outside in. However, the right minerals and vitamins work in the opposite direction and, when combined, the results are greater than the sum of their parts.
VITAMIN D: Regulates everything from digestion and sweat to mood swings. In summer we get it from the sun. But in winter, not so much.
ECHINACHEA: With antiviral and antibacterial properties, it's really good for battling bugs.
VITAMIN C: The all-time winter powerhouse, it helps the immune system combat colds.
GARLIC: Relax – the supplements are odourless and the active ingredient, allicin, has been proven to lessen the symptoms of colds and flu.





THE NEW DISTRICT

Itching to ditch your hairstylist for someone new? Then look up the crew at District Salon in Sydney's Surry Hills. Unique rooftop location aside – which gives the space a relaxed vibe – it's a haven for traditional barbering skills and more modern cutting techniques (still using scissors, mind). We recommend. *districtsalon.com.au*

THE UPDATE

7

NUMBER OF FRAGRANCES CURRENTLY MARKETED BY RIHANNA. HER LATEST IS CALLED 'ROGUE MAN' (AND, YEP, IT'S FOR MEN).

THE SCENT

HERMÈS' NEW 'TERRE D'HERMÈS LIMITED EDITION 2015' EDT, $145 (100ml), TURNS UP THE FLINT AND WOODY NOTES OF THE ORIGINAL WITH EARTHY SHISO GREEN ACCENTS. THE CLASSIC BOTTLE HAS ALSO BEEN GIVEN A REVAMP WITH GRAPHIC ELEMENTS AND SILVER SHOULDERS. *AUSTRALIA.HERMES.COM*

THE KIT

FACIAL FIX

Clinique's 'Sonic System Purifying Cleansing Brush', $135, brings some healthy competition to market leader Clarisonic. Featuring two bristle types on the same head for an optimum clean, the pulsing system is particularly effective on the T-Zone – for those with an oily complexion. Use daily – the grey side on cheeks, black on forehead – for 30 seconds each. It's waterproof so doubles as a mic in the shower. Oh, and don't forget to replace the heads every six weeks. *clinique.com.au*







THE CLAY

Stick any (decade-old) pretensions on hold for a minute and consider this. Lynx has moved away from the gaudiness of your teenage years – we were all there – to the more underplayed (and wallet-friendly) 'Black' range. Pick of the bunch is the 'Casual Styling Clay', which is flexible enough to hold a matte parting and can be textured to your taste, all for the grand total of $8.95 (75ml). *amcal.com.au; lynxau.com.au*

THE MASQUE

Australian brand Sukin has hitched its wagon to the kale train with the new 'Super Greens' line. In addition to skin-brightening kale, it also includes protein-rich spirulina, collagen-stimulating chlorella and parsley, said to even out skin tone. Top of the must-try list is the 'Detoxifying Clay Masque', $15.95 (100ml). Use once or twice weekly, wait 10-15 minutes for it to dry and gently rinse. *sukinorganics.com; priceline.com.au*



PHOTOGRAPHY: DAVID MANNAH.

BRUSH WITH FAME

CRICKET STAR MICHAEL CLARKE REVEALS HOW HE KEEPS HIS WINNING SMILE WITH THE ORAL-B 'SMARTSERIES 7000'.





MICHAEL CLARKE

CRICKETER AND ORAL-B AMBASSADOR

Brush up on the latest in oral hygiene with the captain of Australia's World Cup-winning cricket team.

What sort of difference have you noticed since starting to use the Oral-B 'SmartSeries 7000'?

Michael Clarke: I've been using the brush for about a year now and I've noticed a huge difference with how clean my teeth feel compared to when I was using a normal brush. It literally feels like I've just got back from the dentist every time I clean my teeth.

Which of the toothbrush's features do you like?

MC: I love how easy this toothbrush is to use – it does all the thinking for you! The app it connects to when you brush keeps me in line and brushing for the full two minutes each time.

How else has the app changed the way you brush your teeth?

MC: The Oral-B app that connects to the 'SmartSeries 7000' via bluetooth definitely made me rethink how I've been brushing my teeth all my life! It tells me when I'm brushing too hard, if I've brushed for long enough and even if my brushing habits have improved, so it's a bit like having my own dental coach.

Anything else you'd like to add?

The Oral-B 'SmartSeries 7000' is small and compact, and also comes with a premium black travel case, which is great considering I'm abroad more than I am at home.

For more on the Oral-B 'SmartSeries 7000', visit *smartseriesconnectedbrush.com.au*

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PAGE. 98 ICE DRIVING WITH AUDI PAGE. 99 TEST-DRIVE THE NEW LEXUS RC F PLUS ELECTRIC SCOOTERS (TRUE)

MOTOR



BMW X6M

M was once staunchly rear-wheel-drive, manual and naturally aspired for. This is none of those – and is a goddamn SUV. Nothing about it makes sense, except that in 2015 the world loves a) premium models, b) SUVs, and c) performance cars. This is all three.
SPECS: 4.4L twin-turbo V8, 423kW/750Nm, AWD, 0-100km in 4.2s, 11.1L/100km
PRICE: $194,700
OUT: Now

THE PERFORMANCE PACK

VEHICULAR VERSIONS OF THE SAS – THINK BMW'S M, MERCEDES' AMG AND AUDI'S RS, AMONG OTHERS – THESE SPECIAL DIVISIONS HAVE AUSSIES CLAMBERING INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT IN RECORD NUMBERS.

WORDS **BEN SMITHURST**

MINI COOPER JCW

Legendary racer, manufacturer and tuner John Cooper made the original in the '60s. His son, Michael, started JCW in 2000, producing a tuning kit for the then-just-returned Mini Cooper, before BMW bought him out in 2008. The super-hot new two-door is $10,000+ more than the Cooper S.
SPECS: 2.0L turbo 4cyl, 170kW/320Nm, FWD, 0-100km/h in 6.3s
PRICE: $47,400 (manual); $49,950 (auto)
OUT: July



They come in several guises: 'performance divisions', 'racing arms' or, for *Fast & Furious* types, 'skunkworks'. Whatever the handle, the world's foremost motoring marques have long had offshoots devoted entirely to the pointy end of the horsepower spectrum. And they are glorious, because they eschew compromise. In the two-paced motoring realm, where carmakers capable of creating balls-out track models make their bones in whitegood SUVs, purity is sacred.

Some – Mercedes' brutal AMG (started by a pair of former company engineers in a Stuttgart shed in 1967) – began independently, only to be subsumed by the Mercedes mothership over subsequent decades. Others – BMW's M or Nissan's Nismo – kicked off as devoted in-house motorsport labs. And still others, such as Volvo Polestar – nothing to do with strippers – continue as official but autonomous partners, free to fiddle at their leisure in DARPA-esque mountain lairs. But all have their roots in the pit lane.

Increasingly, however, these creatures are crucial to big brands' core business; still glorious, just more and more profitable.

Case in point is BMW's new X6M. Launched in Texas in February, at the F1-hosting Circuit of the Americas, and then in Tasmania in April, the X6M is a 2.3-tonne performance coupé SUV. And it has 423kW and 750Nm – BMW's most powerful engine ever. It boasts so much torque it can't use a double-clutch gearbox, and runs so hot that, like a bespoke track car, it has 10 radiators (the largest of them, amazingly, has its own, smaller radiator). Price tag-wise, it's $194,700, or roughly $80,000 more than a starter, non-M, X6. Still, BMW expects around one-in-six future X6 models bought in Australia to also wear an M on their badge.

Make no mistake, the X6M is great. But it's also, almost by definition, the most pointless car ever – a track-day SUV?

The point here is profit, which is even more special than purity.

Performance divisions, so long crucial to defining a marque's core values, are finally having their sales day in the sun. Of *zee* three Germans, AMG, M and Audi's RS have all posted



THESE PERFORMANCE DIVISIONS ARE FINALLY HAVING THEIR SALES DAY IN THE SUN.

OTHER KEY PLAYERS

1. GOLF R WAGON

The Golf is the world's favourite hatch, and the GTI version is epic. But R is king. VW's Audi stablemate is obsessed with making hot wagons (Avants), and so the stonking VW R, that fits a dog, is a hot prospect. Since its US debut late last year, VW Australia has been pushing for a local release.
SPECS: 2.0L turbo 4cyl, 221kW/380Nm, FWD, 0-100km/h in 5.1s
PRICE: TBC
OUT: TBC

2. MERCEDES-AMG C63 S

BMW's rival M4 downsized from a V8 to an inline six. Merc has too – but only from a 6.3L to a 4.0L V8 (and, yes, the C63 name's stuck as Merc considers it iconic). Toned down style-wise to almost Q-car status, it still boasts one of the most glorious engine notes in existence.
SPECS: 4.0L twin-turbo V8, 375kW/700Nm, RWD, 0-100km/h in 4.0s, 8.6L/100km
PRICE: $154,900
OUT: July

3. AUDI RS3 SPORTBACK

Ingolstadt's punchy five-cylinder turbo uses a whopping 270kW, or as much grunt as an SS Commodore, to punch its anorexic 1520kg from 0-100km/h quicker than any HSV (unless the Holden's being driven off a cliff). In its sights is Merc's excellent, but slower, A45 AMG. Also capable of 280km/h.
SPECS: 2.5L 5cyl turbo, 270kW/465Nm, AWD, 0-100km in 4.3s
PRICE: TBC
OUT: Late 2015

4. SUBARU WRX STI

The cult car for the *Gran Turismo* gen has a simple formula – unsophisticated, hardcore AWD turbo grunt, and a rally pedigree even better than its reputation as the ram-raider's choice. Also has a vice-like grip and a turbo shunt that'll bruise the kidneys, even if it's cheap on the inside.
SPECS: 2.0L twin turbo 4cyl, 221kW/407Nm, AWD, 0-100km/h in 4.9s, 10.4L/100km
PRICE: $54,990
OUT: Now

5. PEUGEOT RCZ R

Built to up its street cred, the most powerful Pug ever made comes manual only, and pricier than anything else it offers. Deeply French, with 'quirky' ergonomics and a Gallic disregard for anyone who'd buy a sport model and expect anything other than a teeth-rattling ride. It's quick.
SPECS: 1.6L turbo 4cyl, 199kW/330Nm, FWD, 0-100km/h in 5.9s; 6.3L/100km
PRICE: $68,990
OUT: Now









Australian sales records in the past year – even with AMG's hero C63 out of stock, pending a new model.

BMW Australia boss Mark Werner believes, "we are probably selling twice as much M product here as in other markets," while in total 13 per cent of Mercedes models (forever the country's leading luxury brand) sold here sport AMG badges. "Australia is the No.1 AMG market per capita globally," boasts Mercedes Australia's Jerry Stamoulis, a thumping V8 engine note almost drowning out his bluetooth, "and we have the highest penetration of AMG versus Mercedes sales of any market."

It's not only here, or indeed solely the Germans, succeeding. Regardless of whether or not the cars actually make sense, the lure of firepower is the common thread. For every logical triumph (think Renault Sport's breathtaking Mégane RS, or Subaru's iconic WRX STI, both light years ahead of their base models), there's an anomaly, such as the year Merc's silly G63 AMG wagon was its top selling US model. Last December, even Hyundai and Kia – Kia! – pinched BMW M's top engineer to head its new performance wing in Namyang, South Korea. Compromise may have arrived in the form of body types, kerb weight and liberal 'sport' badging, but not in intent.

"The definition of what an AMG actually is has evolved over the last decade," said AMG international boss Tobias Moers at this year's New York Motor Show. "It's not just the high-end luxury performance brand anymore. But why should it be?"

It shouldn't. Fast is fast, whether it's a hot hatch, SUV, luxury sedan or traditional sports coupé. And in the world of whitegoods, fast is special. More special, even, than purity. ■



AUDI'S ICE-DRIVING SCHOOL IN AUSTRIA; THE AUDI S4 AVANT.

HOT WHEELS

DRIVING ON ICE

BECAUSE THERE'S A LOT OF FUN TO BE HAD IN THROWING A $150K CAR AROUND A SLIPPERY TRACK.

Engine roaring and back wheels spinning, the Audi S4 Avant is doing its best impression of an Olympic figure skater. On a gold-medal-winning day. Gliding across the ice with poise and precision, the only flash of colour against winter white coming from the station wagon's red paint job as it expertly navigates the circuit in Seefeld, Austria.

Rolf Volland, a three-time European Autocross and 13-time German Rallycross champion, emerges from the car. "Now you've seen how it's done, it's your turn."

Trying to replicate his manoeuvres proves unsuccessful, akin to attempting to out-muscle Buddy Franklin in the forward fifty. That said, our initial fear and trepidation about belting about on ice is usurped by newfound feelings of bravado and confidence – driven by the knowledge the fleet of Audi S4s and A8s each come with 'Quattro' all-wheel-drive systems, studded tyres and ABS brakes.

But moments (read: mere seconds) of grace land between unplanned stutters and spins. With a more-than-handy 245kW and 440Nm on call, a firm stab on the accelerator pedal has the supercharged 3.0-litre V6 engine humming and the S4 raring to go. Yet control remains elusive.

Flick the steering wheel to the left, add power — lots of power – lift your right foot, throw the wheel hard right and start sliding. Sounds easy, but the key to keeping the car in a continuous drift around the course is knowing precisely when to add power and when to lift the foot off the accelerator. Lift too soon and it's over before it started; hold it too long (guilty) and the S4 either spins out of control or spears towards an ice bank separating the course (a farm paddock transformed into a giant icerink) from the surrounding pine forest.

> WITH A MORE-THAN-HANDY 245kW AND 440Nm ON CALL, THE S4 IS RARING TO GO.

After a few false starts, things come together for almost a full lap – the speedy V6 engine sending all its power to the rear wheels, pushing them into a frantic spin in a bid to regain traction as the S4 half-masters the circuit.

Driving on ice is something few Australians will experience. Being allowed to fling around a $150,000-plus Audi as a farm kid would his father's ute is even more rare. But, to the tune of $6000, that's what Audi Australia has car enthusiasts doing on its European ice driving experience, so best sign up now for next year.

Cheap it is not – but damn it is fun. And mental. We mentioned it's fun, right? ■

WORDS: STEVE LAGUE.

THE GQ TEST-DRIVE

LEXUS RC F

Lexus is hoping some of the undeniable lustre of its LFA supercar will rub off on the new RC F, the latest to wear its sporty F badge (it stands for Fuji Speedway in Japan, where both cars were developed to be at their best on the track). While the new coupé, with sensational in-your-face styling – particularly the optional *The Fast and the Furious*-esque carbon-fibre bonnet – has to make do with a rumbling V8 rather than an F1-belting V10, the two do share plenty of appealing, racy technology.

STYLING

Some like the giant spindle grille that now adorns the Lexus range while quite a few can't look at it without clucking their tongues. If that's not challenging enough to the eye, there are the Nike-swooshed headlights to take in too. Regardless, the RC F is eye-catching, looks impressive in the metal and Lexus deserves credit for trying something radical. Those who are fans tend to really love, not just like, the carved coupé looks.

DRIVE

Quick, even if not noticeably so. In its less-aggressive settings, the RC F is a sleeper, with plenty of torque but no real shouty behaviour. Though flick all the switches up to 11 and there's serious fun to be had, with acceleration aplenty (0-100km/h in 4.5 seconds). Its party trick is Torque Vectoring Differential (TVD), adjusting each rear wheel 1000 times a second to provide faultless grip, so you can plant the car out of corners and just hang on. It's a wild ride.

"YOU GET A NICE BANG FROM THE RC F's EXHAUSTS WHEN PUNCHING THE 351kW V8 HARD, FOLLOWED BY A BACKSLAP AND PRESSURE ON YOUR KIDNEYS AS IT HAULS AWAY."

STEPHEN CORBY, GQ AUSTRALIA



PRICE/DELIVERY

Keenly priced against its German rivals, but then it can't tack on a few grand for snobby badge value. An unadorned RC F costs $133,500, $20,000 down on the excellent new Benz C63 dropping later this year. The 'Carbon' pack, which throws carbon fibre at the bonnet, roof and interior, takes the price up to $147,500, but is best described as 'not for everyone'.

ENGINE

Part of the reason the RC F hides its grunt a fair way under your right foot is that the 5.0-litre V8 is a peaky thing, only delivering 351kW at 7100rpm, and when a V8 only really hits its straps between 4000 and 6000rpm, you need to be fanging to get the most out of it. We sense it's a motor that would like to be making more noise, but the polite Japanese bosses demanded it be kept down.

THE GQ DRIVE
GRAB OUR ENHANCED DIGITAL APP (ON iTUNES OR GOOGLE PLAY) TO SEE HOW WE FARED PUTTING THE NEW LEXUS RC F THROUGH ITS PACES.

INTERIOR

Nowhere is Lexus' goal of targeting younger buyers more obvious than in the interior, which features a tricky little touchpad with haptic feedback to run all its bells and whistles, a wonderful Mark Levinson stereo system and sport seats that don't grip the hips too hard. Aircon switches operated by a swipe of the finger are also, well, cool. Overall, though, the slightly spartan colour palette confirms this is a Japanese car rather than a European one.

WORDS: STEPHEN CORBY.



GO GREEN

PLUG-IN SCOOTERS

HOMEGROWN, ECO-FRIENDLY AND SPORTING SLEEK EUROPEAN LINES, INTRODUCING A NEW SILENT FORCE MAKING SOME NOISE.

A quiet motorbike is like Billy Connolly without f-words, or a boxing match with no punches thrown. Yet the idea of a soundless, electric scooter isn't such a loss. While motorbikes bark and bellow, scooters sound like a comparative sneeze.

Silent or not, though, a scooter needs a nice thick veneer of cool to be a choice of transport for a man. Which is something Vespa – neck and neck with Piaggio to be the top-selling brand in Australia – has always done a fabulous job of.

The latest player in this market – conceived, designed and sold in Australia – has cloaked itself in the very leather jacket of cool itself, by choosing the name Fonzarelli. The company's founder, Michelle Nazzari, says her team were inspired by what a great guy *Happy Days* icon Henry Winkler is, but also by his role as The Fonz.

"Winkler is very stylish and yet a bit of a bad boy, that's Arthur Fonzarelli, and that is very much like our brand," she says.

It's hard to imagine The Fonz abandoning his awesome Triumph for a whisper-quiet Fonzarelli 125 electric scooter with a top speed of 75km/h. That said, its retro-chic design, portable battery packs and in particular the 'Forza' button (which provides a sudden zap of power) are all proving popular with blokes of the fictional character's demographic.

"We were expecting roughly a 50-50 male female skew, but so far our sales have been 90 per cent men," says Nazzari, claiming Sydney and Melbourne as primary markets.

"It's funny because in every other state besides Victoria and NSW, people are allowed to ride a scooter, up to 50cc, on a car licence and we can restrict our bike to have a top speed of 50km/h, so people in those states can have one. But in Sydney and Melbourne, you have to get your bike licence. If it was a national law, scooter sales would take off," explains Nazzari. "As traffic gets worse and petrol prices continue to rise, scooters are becoming more and more popular."

Petrol prices are no longer a concern for a Fonzarelli owner, of course, who simply slips the laptop-sized portable battery out of his bike and charges it in the wall socket at his local coffee shop, or pub.

Recharging from dead flat to 80 per cent full takes an hour, getting you around 50km of range, and it's cheap, with a total power bill for the bike coming to no more than $1 a week – a lot less than even the most miserly petrol scooter.

While bathing in the self-assured green glow of producing no emissions, the Fonzarelli 125's pilot can also choose from a variety of sounds the bike can be set up with to alert pedestrians, including *The Jetsons* 'whoosh' or an option known simply as 'The Blade Runner'.

At $4490, the Fonzarelli 125 is slightly cheaper than an entry-level Vespa. But be warned – owning a scooter often leads to buying an actual motorbike. *fonzarelli.com*

WORDS: STEPHEN CORBY.

THE UPDATE



THE ULTIMATE BRZ

Feast on this rarest of treats, a genuinely attractive Subaru (though not from behind, where it's carrying a wing that'd intimidate an Andean condor).

The BRZ STI Performance Concept may well be the answer to that question every enthusiast has been asking since Toyota/Subaru launched the 86/BRZ twinzillas in 2012 – namely, 'where's the hi-power version?' Powered by a turbocharged 225kW race engine, and capable of a sub-five-second 0 to 100km/h sprint, this BRZ represents the beginning of a move towards establishing STI as a stand-alone brand in America, and hopefully Australia, too.

Subaru could build this tomorrow, indeed it should, but so far the company is just gauging feedback. So start sending those emails. *subaru.com.au*



WHERE TO BUY A PLANE

JET SET

Private jets are a ticket to freedom and for a few million (fuel, pilots and caviar included), Aussie motorcycling legend Mick Doohan can sort you out with one – at least his company, Global Jet International, can.

While the five-time MotoGP world champion belts about in his own Bombardier Challenger 605, he's also the local agent for Jetcraft, a global leader in aircraft sales, acquisition and trade.

Basically, if you want the jet-set lifestyle – no queues, stroll onto tarmac, fly whenever – Doohan is your man. And apparently there's plenty of people in Australia and New Zealand in the market, with Doohan tipping a boom in private aviation by the end of the decade.

"The goal is to be a premium service and a turn-key solution for corporate aviation here," he says. *globaljet.com.au*



THE KIT

EMBRACE YOUR INNER STEVE McQUEEN, LAUGH OFF THE NAYSAYERS AND DO YOUR HANDS A FAVOUR. THOUGH NOT TO BE WORN AT THE CLUB.

LEATHER DRIVING GLOVES, $935, BY HERMÈS. *AUSTRALIA.HERMES.COM*

SCREEN TIME





The human race has fallen in love with touch screens, and, as we move towards the mooted Apple car, marques are concentrating on the various internal screens on offer – the rule being the more expensive the car, the more inches it gets – with the bar currently set by Tesla's Model S 17-inch screen.

An inch or so less is the latest Audi TT's wonderful new screen, and this year's New York Auto Show further proved there's a lot of love for infotainment as well as some 'mine's bigger than yours' action from the likes of Cadillac and Jaguar.

The newly-unveiled XF Jag has three screens, with a 10.2-inch central display that can show two video feeds at once, a laser heads-up option and a 12.3-inch TFT instrument cluster that can be personalised. Jaguar's 'InControl Touch Pro' system, run through a screen (of course), can even send text updates on your arrival time and traffic conditions.

The posh car companies aren't the only ones at it either, as a Citroën Picasso people mover is also lavished with high-res screens, including a 12-incher, and a dash displaying soothing pictures of mountains, or photos of your sock drawer – all for $43,990.

As well as embracing today's device-obsessed world, this new move is about preparing for the autonomous revolution. Because self-driving cars will turn vehicles into mobile media devices, with huge, lush screens. Yes, it turns out, the future will be televised.

WORDS: STEPHEN CORBY. PHOTOGRAPHY: GETTY IMAGES.

THE

DIRECTOR'S CUT:

RYAN GOSLING

It could have been different. He could have simply followed the signposts to continued success. But life is about risk, about choosing to ditch the obvious in favour of a new challenge – this time from behind the camera.

WORDS BRENDAN SHANAHAN




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"I wanted the film to have a dream quality," says the guy who needs no introduction. *Yeah, he's that guy*. He is talking about his most recent project, *Lost River*. "But the only way for that to exist is if there is a nightmare on the horizon – because dreams wander into nightmares and nightmares wander into dreams. They coexist."

It's a Gosling-esque comment – soulful, sincere, tempered with a touch of melancholy and served with a side of pretension. Yet it's the kind of thing that's made him (sorry, Tom Hardy) the Brando of his generation: a sex symbol with the power to weaken independently-thinking women (men too) with but a slow blink of those blue eyes.

Despite the Hollywood top billing, it's a strange fact that Gosling has only delivered two films that'd be rung-up as full-scale box office hits: *The Notebook* and *Crazy, Stupid, Love*, in which he played second fiddle to Steve Carell. *Drive* was a throbbing, critical smash, but was only profitable by indie standards. So what is it about this guy that has pop culture's pulse racing?

A former child actor and star of TV schlock like *Young Hercules*, grown-up Gosling has cultivated a deliberate image as an artsy loner – one who continually rejects easy fame in favour of complex projects, rich with artistic potential and emotional intensity. And so it is with *Lost River*.

Marking his debut as a screenwriter and director, the feature was born from a fascination with the urban decay of post-recession Detroit *(caring – yeah, he's that guy)*, which he first experienced while filming George Clooney's *Ides of March*.

"I'm from Canada," Gosling tells *GQ*, "and like everyone else in the world, look to America like that pin-up girl you put in your locker. So I had a lot of romanticised ideas about Detroit. But when I got there, it was very different to what I had imagined. There are miles of abandoned neighbourhoods and families trying to live in those neighbourhoods. In some cases, the houses around them are being burned or torn down. I just felt for them. I had an experience there that I wanted to share and it felt like making a film was the best way [to do that]."

His interest in the dilapidation and general plight of the people meant 12 months wandering about, baseball cap slung low, capturing what he saw while working through concepts.

"That whole opening title sequence are things I shot over that year, on my own. It gave me a feeling that I was making the movie and not that I was *going to* make the movie... And I guess the idea was kind of a natural progression. You know, I started out taking photographs [when filming *Ides*] with my phone. Then I went back with a 5D [camera] and began taking more photographs. Then I bought a Red [digital] camera and started shooting. The final time, I went back with a 35mm film camera and a small crew."

The 34-year-old drops *Pacific Rim* director Guillermo del Toro's name – claiming him as an early supporter.

"Before I'd written the screenplay, I was showing Guillermo images and telling him the story, and he was really encouraging and said, 'If you don't direct it, I will.' I just thought that was a cool thing to say. It was like the wizard giving you your sword and shield and sending you off on a quest."

Del Toro was also one of the first to see an initial, complete edit. "And he went, 'fuck you! That's your first film? Fuck you!'"

Today, the respected Mexican director describes the piece as a "neo-punk fairytale" – a label that only goes some way to evoking its deep, unabashed weirdness.

One part *Escape From New York*, another part *Blue Velvet* and two parts mescaline trip, *Lost River* centres on a family trying to keep their lives together on the fringes of a post-industrial, suburban wasteland. Christina Hendricks plays a mother of two sons. The elder, a teenager called Bones (Iain De Caestecker), spends his days caring for his baby brother and searching for scrap metal, while trying to avoid the attentions of local psychopath and self-declared kingpin, Bully (Matt Smith). Hendricks, meanwhile, unable to pay the mortgage, accepts an offer from her creepy bank manager (Aussie Ben Mendelsohn) to perform at his bizarre cabaret – a grotesque horror show in which women create theatrical illusions of torture and murder. In an attempt to liberate his mother and break a mysterious town curse, Bones hooks up with his neighbour and love interest, Rat (Saoirse Ronan), to take on Bully and put the world back to rights.

Stripping things back to a certain simplicity, Gosling says, "It's about a family that's trying to hold onto a dream of having a home and growing up in that home." Albeit, he adds, with a nightmare at the door.

Beautifully shot in a succession of near-abandoned Detroit neighbourhoods, elements of the film are more successful than others. The story of the isolated teenagers, living in the ruins of a forgotten American city is convincing. Though the world of the cabaret, while gorgeously-staged and striking, is familiar – certainly to David Lynch and Peter Greenaway fans.

"The club that Christina's character goes to work at is based on [*Le Théâtre du*] Grand-Guignol, this murder-theatre that was part of a macabre scene in Paris in the early 1900s. They'd put on these 'splatter plays'. There was the Death Tavern, which had coffins, and also the Hell Cafe. And the façade of the club in my movie is based on that – we used that as a template for Christina's world. The idea was that some investor was looking to capitalise on these people who were trying to realise their dark fantasies – he'd create a place for them to do that. In the case of Matt Smith's character, Bully, this is a guy who in reality would be a prescription away from some kind of normalcy. Since that infrastructure is gone, he's now basically trying to be the king of a place that has no subjects."



FILMING

took 30 days on a $2.5m budget, and most of the cast were familiar with each other, through previous work or various other channels.

"Everyone I hired, I hired because I trusted them and their instincts and I knew they would

bring themselves to the role and to the movie. Your biggest choice as a director is who's going to be in the film and who's going to be on your crew. If I've learnt something from directors I've worked with, it's that you let people do their job. You trust them."

Still, he admits the calm and cool persona he generally peddles *(this is the guy who casually breaks up street fights in New York City – yeah, he's that guy)* was tested.

"I learnt that there's a lot of acting involved," he says of the director's chair, laughing. "You're acting like everything's fine, but it's all about solving problems. And they never end. But you have to act like it's all fine because everyone's depending on you."

A script about child soldiers had flowed from Gosling's pen 10 years ago – prompted by a trip to Uganda. He gifted those words to Belgian cinematographer Benoît Debie (*Enter The Void*).

"He agreed to do it, but I wasn't in a place in my career or in my life to be able to get it made. But I felt I'd promised Benoît [director of photography on *Lost River*] that we'd make a film, and I was determined to do that."

Gosling first watched the completed film in the basement of his home, slouching about in T-shirt and jeans. The next time, he was sporting a tuxedo. No tie.

Fashion – yeah, he's that guy.

"It was at Cannes [Film Festival in 2014]. That's not how you should see your first film, but I was lucky to have had the opportunity."

As is often the case at Cannes, the reception was mixed – boos wrapped around applause. Twitter's anonymous gallery of amateur critics fired off the first jagged missives – "a folie de grandeur" an example of the general tone – before those backed by mastheads sat down to tap out their thoughts.

"Had Terrence Malick and David Lynch conceived an artistic love-child together, only to see it get kidnapped, strangled and repeatedly kicked in the face by Nicolas Winding Refn, the results might look and sound something like *Lost River*," claimed *Variety*.

Gosling eventually addressed the hoo-ha. "Well, high school kind of prepares you for all this shit. In high school, every time you

"IN HIGH SCHOOL, EVERY TIME YOU STUCK YOUR NECK OUT THERE WAS ALWAYS A BUNCH OF PEOPLE THERE READY TO CHOP YOUR HEAD OFF."



GOSLING, ON SET WITH CHRISTINA HENDRICKS AND WIFE, EVA MENDES.

stuck your neck out there was always a bunch of people there ready to chop your head off. Hollywood's no different. It's just their opinion of the film, and my opinion of their reviews is 'two thumbs down'."

Of course, there's a level of *schadenfreude* attached to the reception. After all, being Ryan Gosling, and wanting to direct is a double-edged sword. As a Hollywood A-lister with what's likely a full Rolodex, getting a film made is considerably easier than it is for, well, anyone else. Plus, being Ryan Gosling means a film is guaranteed more publicity than the usual art-house flick.

That said, increased scrutiny and greater expectation ride shotgun with such privileges. Had this been the debut of, say, a young director fresh from film school, critics might have noted its striking visuals, offbeat sensibility and declared it a curiosity from a promising, if unformed, talent. Before offering him a Volvo commercial.

Yet the most surprising thing about *Lost River* is that it's not that bad. As *The New York Times* critic Ben Kenigsberg noted, "The movie owes a sizable debt to David Lynch and to Nicolas Winding Refn, who directed Mr Gosling in *Drive* and *Only God Forgives*, but it reveals Mr Gosling as a filmmaker with a poetic sensibility of his own."

Poet – yeah, he's that guy.

At the heart of *Lost River* – beyond the violence and theatrics – rests a conventional yearning for family and security; a need to reach a safe place, that common thread of every great fairytale. And it's a yearning to exist that, perhaps, sits within the film's director. By his own admission, this is a highly-personal project, partly autobiographical. And viewed in that context, it makes a great deal of sense.

Gosling grew up in Cornwall in Ontario, Canada. An hour from Montreal, it wasn't that far from Detroit. Economically, it wasn't a million miles away either. Cornwall was dominated by a paper mill and most of Gosling's family worked there, including his father. While still a kid, the mill closed, leaving the town "devastated".

Gosling wasn't exactly Oliver Twist but he's always claimed an acute awareness of his desire to escape – to avoid life as a rural, working-class stiff.

His ticket to ride came at the age of 12 – selected for the saccharine reimagining of children's effort *The Mickey Mouse Club.*

Singing and dancing – yeah, he's that guy.

"I had my hustle," said Gosling of the experience, beamed into millions of North American households alongside Christina Aguilera, Justin Timberlake and Britney Spears. "It was whatever I could do to not end up working in a factory. If I had to shake it like a showgirl, I was going to do it."

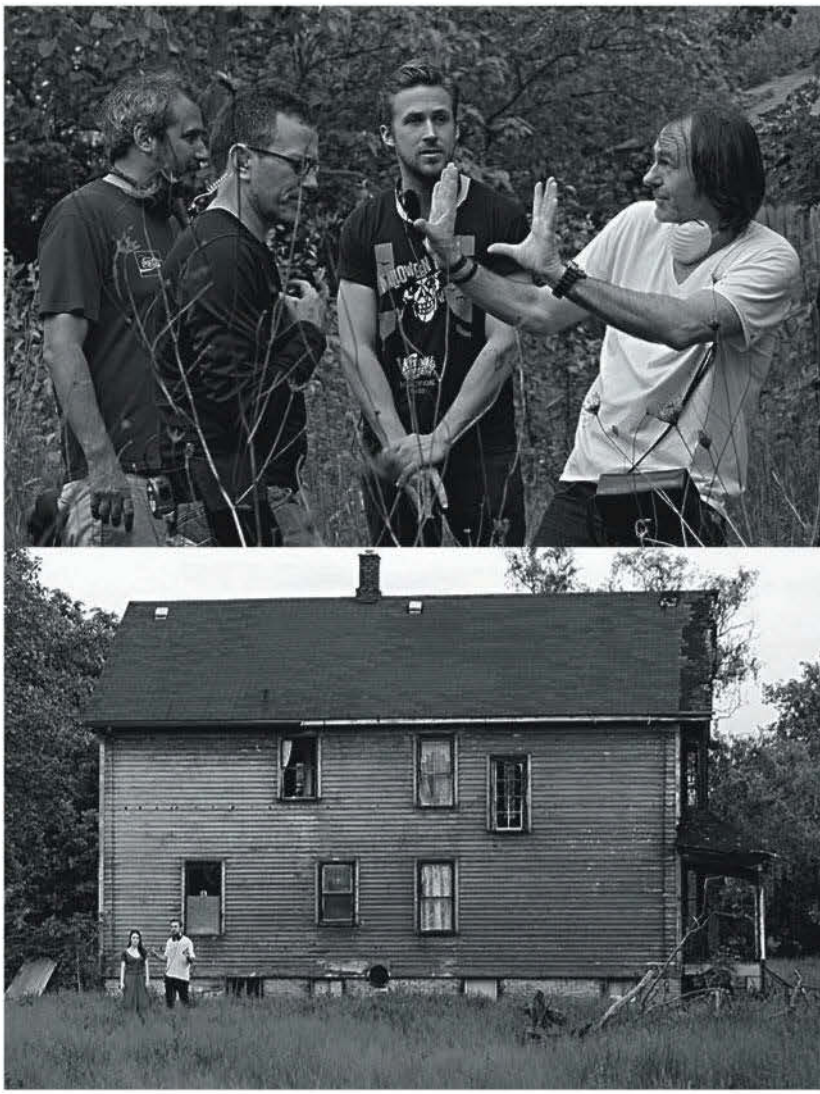
Still, he says the strange world of child stardom (albeit peripheral) gifted "a great sense of focus". And a fast-track to adulthood.

"You're 12 but nobody looks at you like you're 12. You are there to do a job, you have a schedule, you're paying rent… You have grown men calling you 'sir', and running around to get you sandwiches."

And grow up he did, because during these Disney days, his parents split. Timberlake's family took him in – the future pop star's mother temporarily becoming the future actor's legal guardian.

When Disney dried up after a few years, young Ryan beat a retreat to Canada – where he continued to act in children's television. It was an uncertain time for an ambitious kid. A kid who didn't learn to read until 10. A kid who's admitted to being bullied.

"You get into fights and you get called names – 'You're gay.' You're just a target." He was eventually suspended for throwing knives at other students.



CLOCKWISE: GOSLING WITH DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY, BENOÎT DEBIE; GOSLING AND CHRISTINA HENDRICKS; DIRECTING IAIN DE CAESTECKER; SHOOTING AT A RUNDOWN DETROIT HOUSE.

"I HAD AN EXPERIENCE IN DETROIT THAT I WANTED TO SHARE, AND MAKING A FILM FELT LIKE THE BEST WAY TO DO THAT."





Ultimately, his mother removed him from school, to be taught at home.

Then a doctor prescribed Ritalin for a well-known, acronymic hyperactivity disorder. He wasn't on it long.

"What I didn't realise was that most of what I was feeling was ambition."

Adding to his tremendous sense of isolation, Gosling was raised a Mormon in a heavily Catholic corner of the world, an outsider even among this clan of outsiders.

"I wasn't really Mormon," he's said of those years. "My parents were. My mum was really cool. She said, 'This is an option, but this isn't the only option. This is an idea, but this is not the only idea. You have to find your own truth.' I could never really identify with it."

In spruiking *Lost River*, Gosling's often reflected on this time in his life – a period that, with obvious instability, has clearly stayed with him.

"My mum is very beautiful. And when you're a kid and you have a single mum, all men feel like wolves," he said. "I remember walking with my mother and guys would whistle at her or cars would start circling. It's very predatory and very threatening, especially when you're a little kid, so you start to imagine all these [scenarios] where you can do something. You see the world through the filter of your imagination."

It's a sweet but sad image – the little boy trying to defend the honour of his mother with a plastic lightsaber. Is this the core of Gosling's oft-noted vulnerability, a quality that dilutes even his most violent roles? Perhaps. But beyond the puppy-eyed routine, behind the sad blue eyes and *Mona Lisa* smile is not just a little boy lost, but a little bit of crazy, too. And this is the secret to his most dynamic performances – the sense that just underneath the beautiful surface lurks a well of unexpected rage.

This idea of Gosling as the untamed outlaw, the Steve McQueen fantasy that every man would like to be (or thinks he is) is key to his appeal to both sexes, for differing reasons. And make no mistake, women *love* Gosling. Especially, women on the internet.

Towards the end of 2010, a strange convergence of events conspired to make him possibly the first star to be more famous online than in film. That year, Gosling's 'anti-romance' film, *Blue Valentine*, was released. At the same time, an internet craze took off and became so popular that it threatened to eclipse any work he'd done.

The 'Hey girl' meme, as it was known, featured swoony pictures of our hero doing his trademark glower with fantasy quotes like, 'Hey girl, feel my sweater. Know what it's made of? Boyfriend material.'

Internet sensation – yeah, he's that guy too.

Blue Valentine was given an NC17 rating in the US (the Australian equivalent of an 'R') for a scene in which Gosling's character performed oral sex on his wife (Michelle Williams). In Hollywood, where a restrictive rating can make or break a film, it was a big deal. In response, Gosling penned a letter to the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA) to protest the ruling.

'You have to question a cinematic culture which preaches artistic expression, and yet would support a decision that is clearly a product of a patriarchy-dominant society, which tries to control how women are depicted on screen,' he wrote. 'The MPAA is OK supporting scenes that portray women in scenarios of sexual torture and violence for entertainment purposes, but they are trying to force us to look away from a scene that shows a woman in a sexual scenario, which is both complicit and complex. It's misogynistic in nature to try and control a woman's sexual presentation of self. I consider this an issue that is bigger than this film.'

Feminist icon – yeah, he's that guy.

The result was to propel the then relatively obscure actor, known to most for his role in a soppy period romance, to both dreamboat and thinker. (Tellingly, there seems to have been no backlash about the sexualised violence in *Lost River*.) Here, if anyone was to overtake Clooney or Brad Pitt as the world's biggest leading man, it would be Gosling.

Still, his project choices remain difficult and idiosyncratic. He'll direct again, he tells us, with another project already in the mix. But he's unlikely to board that giant train of trajectory – its carriages stuffed with hype and a savage media salivating to know more. He's not once commented on his and wife Eva Mendes' new daughter, Esmeralda Amada. And we imagine he never will. Because privacy is key. And he doesn't need to sell himself.

He's not that guy. ■

Lost River is available on iTunes and Google Play, among others, from June 10

A TRULY GREAT BRIT

SUKI WATERHOUSE

THIS 23-YEAR-OLD IS ONE OF THE FASHION WORLD'S REIGNING IT GIRLS – AN INSTA-CHICK ON THE RISE AND PART OF THAT POTTY-MOUTHED, THICK-EYEBROWED, IMPISHLY-IRREVERENT CREW WHO ARE MAKING IT CLEAR THAT, RIGHT NOW, SUPERMODELS ARE HAVING WAY MORE FUN THAN ANYONE ELSE.

WORDS ALICE GREGORY **PHOTOGRAPHY** THOMAS WHITESIDE











Suki is homecoming-queen hot. She's tall and thin – neither freakishly – with an ever-parted mouth that could use a good washing out. She's also poised to be Hollywood's next bro-down girl.

The established model and prospering actress scored a smiley but physically-fearsome role in *The Divergent Series: Insurgent* (training, according to Waterhouse, included learning to reckon with an arsenal of faux firearms and occasionally bouncing around on trampolines), as well as one in next year's *Pride and Prejudice and Zombies* (she auditioned with a martial-arts sequence).

Speaking from the churning waters of a Los Angeles hot tub (after a "really stretchy" yoga session that "was really fucking great, actually"), Bradley Cooper's British-born ex-flame admits that her current catalogue of athletic portrayals isn't without precedent.

"I'm quite strong," she says. "I studied karate growing up – I'm a brown belt – and my sister and I used to beat the crap out of each other."

Waterhouse – she of the permanently post-coital-looking blonde hair and heavyweight eyebrows – says she was the undisputed (though accidental) perpetrator of three serious injuries sustained by her good childhood friend: knocked-out front tooth (game of rounders, whatever that is), broken ankle (ice-skating), and snapped Achilles tendon (bumper cars). "Isn't that disgusting?" she says, laughing.

In the years since, Waterhouse has apparently worked to contain some of that kinetic anarchy. When *Insurgent* wrapped up filming in Atlanta, she returned home to LA, a city whose topography suits her better than that of her native London.

"There's something uplifting about being able to run uphill in between meetings," she says. "It's sick." ■

WORDS
RICHARD
CLUNE



rehab tourism

WE FLY TO THAILAND TO MEET SOME OF THE GROWING NUMBER OF AUSTRALIANS HEADING OVERSEAS TO TREAT THEIR ADDICTIONS.

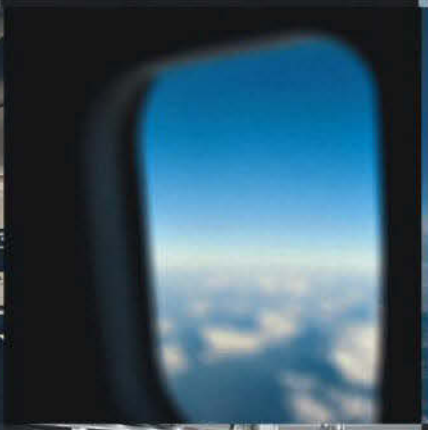
LIAM SPRINGS FROM THE CAB, MUMBLING SOMETHING AT THE DRIVER – POSSIBLY THANKS – AND MARCHES INTO SYDNEY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. IT'S MID-MORNING AND THE PLACE IS ALREADY A MESS OF FLUORESCENT LIGHTS AND FOREIGN ACCENTS. BRIGHT AND LOUD, IT'S NOT IDEAL.

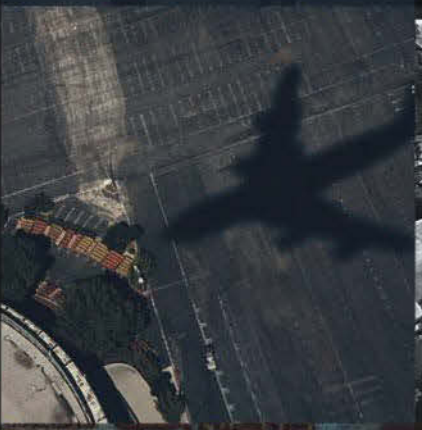















HIS QUICKSTEP CONTINUES TO THE NEAREST DEPARTURES SCREEN. STARING AT THE CASCADING JUMBLE OF NUMBERS AND GARISH AIRLINE LIVERIES, HE CLOCKS HIS FLIGHT AND JOINS THE QUEUE AT A NEARBY CHECK-IN COUNTER.

Mid-30s, Liam* presents as any of the day's other travellers – tall, with close-cropped brown hair fashioned atop a slightly-stubbled face, bulging brown eyes and a forced smile; excitement and fear companions on this, his first trip to Thailand.

A lengthy nylon strap resting on his shoulder draws down to a large bag butting his left calf. He's failed to fill it – T-shirts, shorts and footwear that doesn't stretch far beyond thongs, bundled together with some toiletries. He wasn't concerned. He was headed to the tropics for a month, maybe longer. Whatever else he needed he could grab in Chiang Mai.

After the requisite questioning ('Yes, I packed my own bag'), Liam barges past the bustle, bound for the closest bathroom. He picks the far cubicle, double-checking the silver metallic lock on closing the door. It's tight, shouldn't slip open.

The sound of other men and the whirring throttle of a set of hand dryers will act as cover. Scooping into his shorts pocket, he produces a glass smoking pipe, its end stained brown from frequent flame. From his other pocket comes a clear plastic moneybag that houses a small rock of methamphetamine. Ice. Crystal.

A party boy who swapped a career in finance to pursue more wayward ways, he's spent the past few months on a planned bender.

Propped against the toilet cistern, he starts what's become a familiar routine – pack, light, inhale, engage. The syrupy wash of the high races across his chest, down his arms and legs. He remains seated, loses time, tingles.

Jolted back to reality, he ditches the baggy and pipe in a bin on exiting the bathroom and makes his way to customs. Despite the security, there are no nerves – not now. He's flying. Yet there's still a couple of hours until take-off.

Pushing past passport control and the scanning machines, he's into the commercial buzz of duty-free where promo girls in yellow, 'they're always dressed in yellow,' spruik cheap spirits that surely only appeal to those bound for Balinese hair-braiding sessions.

Liam heads directly to his gate. Here, time crunches through a jumble of speeds. He's soaring; those around him, static. He drops in and out of their chatter. 'Benign.'

On hearing the call to form another queue, this time to board, he necks some Valium. The effect is not instant but they do the trick – the flight and transfer across Hong Kong International a blur, vague memories of a phone call to his drug dealer, 'goodbye', and a collage of unfamiliar faces.

Chiang Mai Airport is smaller than expected – it feels regional, like landing at Albury NSW. Not that that's a bad thing.

A gentle man, Swiss, perhaps German, with a greying mop of hair and kind face greets him. Liam takes the front seat of the silver Pajero and they meander, slowly, across town, motorbikes buzzing around them as

*FOR PRIVACY REASONS, SOME NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED.

they shunt past illuminated night markets and the walled remnants of the old town. Along and over a murky waterway, the pair eventually arrives at a high, nondescript bamboo gate, fronted by a small, gravel parking area. There's no sign announcing this as Liam's new home for the next 28 days. No alert that this is often referenced as one of the best facilities of its kind. No communication that beyond the fence are a growing number of Australian patients – all of whom have ditched the local medical system in favour of an overseas drug and alcohol rehab centre.

Tall and gym-fit, Alastair Mordey sports an air of confidence alongside a mauve, French-cuffed, shirt – skull-shaped cufflinks pulling the sleeves together – tucked into navy suit pants that fall onto a pair of fastidiously-polished black leather Chelsea boots.

His head shaved, his jawline sharp, he's one of the founders of Chiang Mai's The Cabin, "Asia's best and most respected drug rehab and alcohol addiction treatment centre," at least according to the PR guff.

It's the place TV host Grant Denyer allegedly sought solace a few years back; the same joint musician Pete Doherty was reportedly kicked out of in 2012 (before reengaging with a similar Thai centre last year). And it's here that Liam chose to stop his spiralling drug habit.

Once a luxury resort, The Cabin is not as most would imagine rehab. Running alongside the fast-flowing waters of the Ping River, manicured tropical gardens wrap around a smattering of teak and more modern, rendered concrete buildings – a mixture of patient accommodation (each receives a luxurious private room with ensuite, cleaned daily by maids) and communal buildings covering off the main office, kitchen, gym and several patient meeting rooms.

This is what's known as primary care. A minimum of 28 days, behind that same locked fence, working through whatever issues have brought people inside these perimeters.

It's lunchtime when *GQ* lands and many of the patients are perched at communal, outdoor tables, digging into a menu of beef and chicken curries, steamed fish and rice. Others throw about a volleyball in the in-ground pool, chatting loudly. If addiction is the common language, a distinct Australian twang is its accent.

"Aussies have always made up to 50 per cent [of patients]," says Mordey of the operation he and a group of British clinicians and businessmen set up in late 2009. "And we get a mix. Obviously there's a lot of bottomed-out addicts, but by and large our clientele is made up of professionals ranging from the middle classes right up to people in the armed services, doctors and lawyers, politicians, royalty even. Then there's well-known sportspeople, singers, artists and celebs."





FROM TOP: LUXURY REHAB CENTRE, THE CABIN, IN CHIANG MAI; CO-OWNER, ALASTAIR MORDEY.

Of the Australians, men outnumber women, while 48 per cent of those who presented in the 12 months to October 2014 were aged 27-37. As for the top three addictions being treated, alcohol tops methamphetamine and prescription drugs.

"We went from eight beds in 2009 to what is effectively 60 beds now. We're usually at 90 per cent [capacity] and have been the whole time. We are one of the fastest growing centres in the world, if not the fastest growing." In discussing the number of Australians seeking international addiction services – one that is, anecdotally, on the rise – Mordey's conversation wanders into what he perceives as the failings of many Australian facilities.

"Australia has a very, *very* high [medical] standard, but what they've done with addiction is apply a heavily medicised model… Look, the message I hear is the programs are built, attended and run by the medical establishment in very clinical environments. There are waitlists; there are court-mandated people in there that the patients may not choose to mix with; they are infested with [illegal] and prescription drugs; they overprescribe to people and effectively keep them high. And there's no holistic emotion or intimacy-based therapy going on, there is no human element. It's all wipe-down walls, hospital beds…"

The Cabin's program is built on an approach that combines AA's '12 Steps' (but rewritten in secular terms) and CBT (Cognitive Behavioural Therapy). In broad terms, it's about acknowledging the disease of addiction and retraining the brain.

"Ours is a modern take on treatment – addiction is complicated, this is not a single gene disorder. It's going to take a long time to work out exact treatment models but we have a 90 per cent idea of what it is now, and all the research and medical bodies like ASAM [American Society of Addiction Medicine], NIDA [National Institute on Drug Abuse], APA [American Psychiatric Association] and so on, well, we now know it's a disease. It's not a moral behaviour, it's not what people speculate it is – it's a brain-based illness.

"So, knowing what we know, we've gone and tailored CBT for addicts, which hasn't been done before. And a lot of people don't understand '12 Steps', so again we've interpreted and changed it," says Mordey.

Daily life for those living at The Cabin begins at 8am and revolves around a mixture of counsellor-lead group sessions combined with fitness, meditation, yoga and Sunday excursions. Of the counselors, most are recovering addicts. Mordey included.

Raised by a single mother in the rough and tumble of King's Lynn, north-east of London, he was smoking cigarettes at seven,

had a fascination with fire aged 13 and by 15 was a "problematic" drinker regularly seeking out fights with older men.

"I broke people's ribs, noses, cheekbones, fingers and would wake up with stab wounds in my legs."

He somehow scraped some schooling together and found his way to a "shit" university course in Manchester. While studying he became "a recreational heroin user and drifted into fairly organised drug dealing". Another student – the local kingpin and dealer for a notorious council estate – became Mordey's friend. "He was earning big money dealing speed and E's in the Hacienda [nightclub] and we soon clicked and formed a working partnership. During those three years, we did zero hours of study, shifted approximately $1.5m worth of stolen goods, cannabis, ecstasy, amphetamines, crack cocaine and heroin, and still passed with 3rd class degrees. Not exactly drug lords, but not bad for a couple of teenage students."

Like those he treats, the 42-year-old's story doesn't end there – more crack, more heroin, more fires. Induced paranoia started to circle him, so too some disgruntled IRA thugs. It led to homelessness and a plea from his mother to stop. Mordey headed to a farmhouse in Norwich and literally sweated out the many misgivings of his youth.

"To this day, when my clients complain about how rough their withdrawal is, I smile knowingly and think – really? I nearly died in that withdrawal. Nobody even mentioned medical treatment. I was alone."

A recovering addict, he says, is invaluable – patients more likely to identify with counsellors in recovery better than general counsellors. "And those that have been through addiction and are now in recovery tend to communicate better with the addict."

Mordey certainly has the respect of the patients at The Cabin's Sober House facility – a city-based Chaing Mai townhouse for those wanting to continue treatment while testing the waters on the 'outside'. Here, it's about putting in place teachings, and navigating normality – while also keeping up the weekly AA/NA meetings.

It's at a Sober House group session that we meet Liam.

"I came to The Cabin thinking I'd get clean, be clean for 12 months, then be OK to start using again – I was in so much denial," he says. "It was actually Alastair's presentation when I was like, 'OK, I get that.' From that day my mindset changed."

He spent 28 days in primary care, extended it for another month and has been in Sober House for a week at this point.

"I had no initial plans to do this, but I researched it and obviously found that the longer you do treatment, the better your chance [of sobriety]. And by this stage I knew the consequences of using again – it wasn't pretty, so I made the decision to give myself the best chance."



A COMMUNAL AREA AT $14,000-A-WEEK THE CABIN.

Alongside Liam, Sober House patients include another Australian, Amy*, a young Briton and a Burmese-American. Mordey is scrawling 'mind maps' on a whiteboard, drilling down on each patient's emotions and exploring triggers. After the session, Liam continues to delve into the specifics that landed him here.

"Mine was a slow burn to rock bottom," he says, sat back on a couch, sipping a mug of instant coffee. "I was working in finance and partying, taking meth and all sorts, but the job wasn't conducive to my drug taking, so I went and got work in a sex shop to support things."

He then planned a 12-month bender, "to party and have fun," knowing he'd need help by the end. Within six months he'd overdosed three times.

"I discharged myself the first time – it was my birthday; my party week. I bought up big – G, K, X, MDMA, pot, alcohol and ice. At the end of the week, I was back in intensive care."

An eventual and strung-out family intervention acted as a blessing.

"I knew I needed help but was in denial about things. And I wasn't overtly looking overseas, but thought, 'I'm not getting an overseas holiday this year so why not go to Thailand.' No one thought I'd come here and get clean. But once I made that decision I thought, 'fuck it', this is the way it is and I was right onboard."

The next day, Sunday, we return to Sober House to join the current group, and some former Australian patients who've chosen to stay on in Chiang Mai, on one of the centre's weekly excursions. It plays into the holistic approach of what's being offered – to take the patients into the wilds of northern Thailand, for hiking, cycling, kayaking. Today's excursion is a little easier – a meal and swim on a floating lake barge an hour out of town.

On the drive out there we chat to Amy, from Perth, who's nearing completion of her time at

"I BOUGHT UP BIG – G, K, X, MDMA, POT, ALCOHOL AND ICE. AT THE END OF THE WEEK, I WAS BACK IN INTENSIVE CARE."

The Cabin. Her first taste of hard drugs came at 15 – held down by her then boyfriend and injected with heroin against her will. At 20, she turned to meth.

"I've been using longer than I haven't been," she says, as the silver minibus belts past tended rice fields before lurching up into dense, hilly terrain.

Amy attended a few Australian treatment centres before making it to The Cabin. Each time she relapsed. For her, rehab meant either hospital or a form of religious dogma. Her decision to try something new, to travel to Thailand, came after her "worst rock bottom".

"My eldest boy [13] found all my dirty needles in the syringe disposal box, which I stashed at the back of a kitchen cupboard," she says, her eyes watering at the recollection. "He emptied them out on my bed and said, 'You love these more than us, Mummy.' Yep, that was it for me."

Today is the 32-year-old's final excursion, heading home after three months.

"The last treatment centre I went to was nothing like this. This place is beautiful, and they've given me a real fighting chance. It's not about running away from issues [by coming overseas]. I'm not hiding, I have to deal with emotions and thought patterns, in case I run into old associates. Drugs are everywhere and here's how to deal with that – this is what The Cabin has taught me."

We pile out of the vehicle and into what's best described as a slim wooden canoe with a powerful outboard motor. Fifteen minutes later and we're relaxing on the front deck of an overwater hut, a string of them attached to a nearby restaurant kitchen. Two waitresses appear with food – rice, curry, pork with basil and a whole baked fish. Over lunch I chat to a twentysomething Melbourne lad who's remained in Chiang Mai after completing time at The Cabin. Not wanting to be named in this article, he speaks of Thailand's beauty and the positive effect it's had. He doesn't want to leave and is eagerly seeking work.

His stories are as before. He tried, and failed, to get clean in Australian rehab centres. Again, what he found was the overuse (his word) of prescription drugs to combat personal withdrawal from meth. He also makes mention of money, and the fact The Cabin, at $14,000 a month, is cheaper than comparable facilities in Australia, America, Mexico and Europe. Malibu's well-known Promises is roughly $72,000 a month, while the impressive Kusnacht Practice in Zurich costs up to $133,000 a week. Meanwhile, Byron Bay's Sanctuary means a $140,000 monthly bill.

"You don't want it to be about the money, and it's not only that, but it is a factor," he says, juggling a Collingwood AFL football he's brought along. "It's what they offer, the teachings and what you learn. Then there's the Thai culture and the actual setting – all of it adds up to be better than anything I could find in Australia."

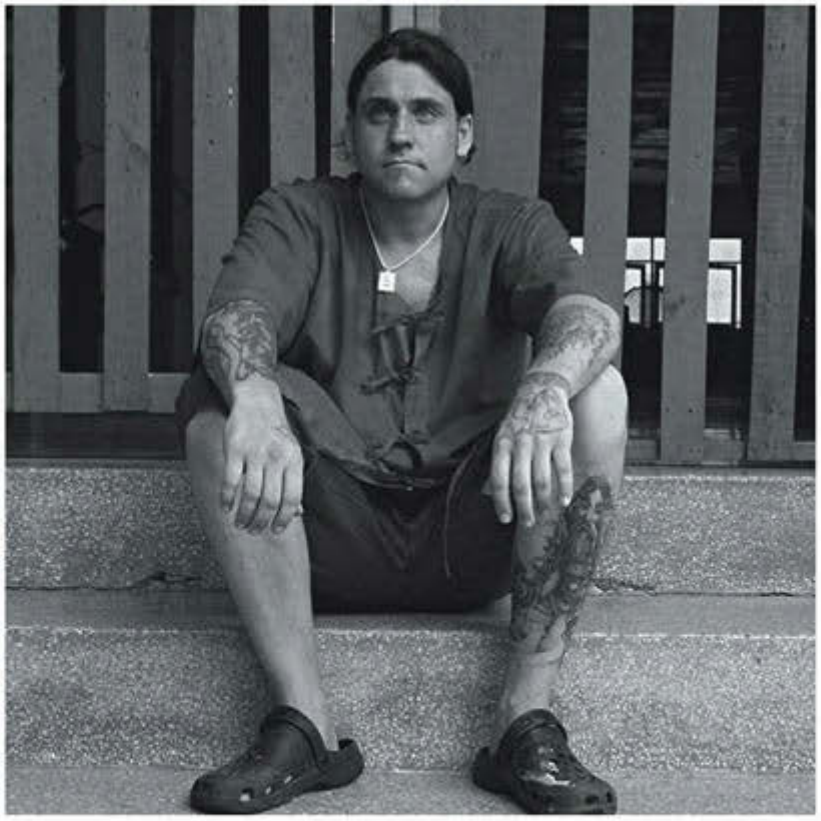
He eyes the expanse of water stretching out in front – a shimmering vista that eventually butts the bottom of a sparsely-vegetated mountain.

"Seriously, look at this view. It's awesome. And it's rehab."

A day earlier, I'd asked Mordey about the financial side of things – about the fact he's peddling hope. And the fact that same hope, from the looks of it, is paying pretty well.

"You could say it's a multimillion-dollar annual turnover," he said.

Little wonder Thailand is fast becoming so-called 'rehab tourism's' global capital – several private centres, each catering to predominantly western clients, now scattered up and down the country.



THOMAS BRORSSON, FROM SWEDEN, AT THAMKRABOK BUDDHIST MONASTERY.

PHOTOGRAPHY: RICHARD CLUNE; GETTY IMAGES.

B

Bundled wads of cash aren't exactly being counted at the other Thai facility *GQ* visits, a place that's welcomed drug-dependent westerners since the '50s.

Thamkrabok Buddhist monastery lies in regional Saraburi, a few hours north of Bangkok.

Like so much of Thailand, the drive out is a visual headfuck. The six-lane freeway is a funnel of chaos, littered with overloaded trucks and 1980s Suburu utes, their trays stuffed with workers trying to shield themselves from scorching heat (43°C says our car's thermostat). We pass two severe accidents, three overturned trucks, a guy riding a scooter with his outstretched foot in a cast and numerous billboards promoting Tesco chicken breasts. After two hours, the concrete outlook gives way to greenery, mountains penetrating the horizon and an eventual turn-off to Thamkrabok.

The monastery is a scattering of buildings and other bits – ornate temples, large halls, a dry-docked boat, wooden shacks, a smelting operation and small shantytown of lay people.

Tudong monks, dressed in brown robes, are either wandering, tending to gardens or other pieces of machinery. They're used to the arrival of white-faced westerners who come, weekly, eager to purge themselves of personal addictions.

It's 39°C on landing – the day's stifling humidity worn like an unwanted hug. We're first greeted by a crew of wily, wiry dogs, their collective gnawing of themselves put on hold to sniff out the newcomer. A small stall selling ice creams and other bits sits opposite our landing spot, in the shade of three golden Buddha statues. Across from it, a man shapes cheap rubber thongs, as worn by the monks and patients of the detox centre.

We're eventually met by *Mae Chee*, or Kanticha, a nun and an ex-heroin user from East Anglia in the UK. She came here in 2004, cleaned up, and now runs the centre.

"Through here," she points to a long brick wall with a gate, above which are several flags. The tour of the 'facility' doesn't take long. Dormitories – basic affairs consisting of rickety beds with thin mattresses and ceiling fans working overtime to move the heavy heat – frame a courtyard featuring a makeshift pool (think narrow pond). International guests are housed separately to the Thai men; women in their own dorm, which is locked each evening. The majority of faces are Thai, just four westerners sweating it out – from Norway, Croatia, Sweden and Australia.

"It's nearly three o'clock," announces Kanticha as we wander into a secondary, main courtyard. Several monks have laid out a row of silver buckets, behind which 22 patients stand, before kneeling, scooping and consuming a murky brown liquid made from a combination of herbs, local tree roots and grasses. It induces vomiting.

This is a daily ritual at Thamkrabok – all new patients accepting of the uneasy routine, viewed as a sacred vow of recovery, or *sajja*, for the first five days of their stay. Kanticha explains the specifics of the centre she runs with a firm hand and acerbic sense of humour.

"Once someone is checked in, they're stripped of any valuables and taken to the centre where they get a bed. They wake up at 4.30 each morning to sweep, at 5am they have five minutes of exercise [some stretches, maybe star jumps], a steam bath at 11.30, meditation at 1.30pm and then more sweeping. If they're new, they partake in the [vomiting] *sajja* at 3pm and it's lights out at 9pm."

In reality, most spend their days shuffling about the confines of the centre, chaining cigarettes and chatting to anyone who'll listen. "It's like a little family here and everyone tries to help one another out. We don't force our beliefs on anyone – though some choose to go to chanting with the monks and really get into it. Others don't, and sit around a bit more. They learn a lot from being around the Thais, though, as they're not heavy and solemn and are always laughing and smiling. It's funny, the Thais definitely deal with suffering better – westerners complain a lot more."

The minimum agreed stay is seven days and most suggest they'll leave within a month. The service 'costs' an $8 donation, per day, covering basic daily meals.

Jeremy*, from Perth, mumbles about the three days he's spent here so far.

"It's no holiday camp. It's basic, and that drink is horrible. I guess it's a different way to detox, you wouldn't get this in Australia."

Only 20, he came here after abusing meth, heroin and Oxycontin.

"I started oxy two and half years ago, ended up munching about eight a day but it was getting too expensive, so I started heroin, smoking it and then injecting it. And then meth – because it was cheaper."

Having overdosed twice, he first sought help at a West Australian rehab centre. "But it was full of dickheads and drugs. I was given Valium every hour and turned into a zombie."

He found Thamkrabok on the internet. "It's sure cheaper than what I did in Perth – it's basically free. And I like it 'cause it's clean, no [prescription] drugs involved."

We ask Jeremy if he thinks it will assist – bearing in mind the lack of actual rehabilitative services. He nods, agreeing that most days are spent smoking cigarettes and sweating, locked in personal thought.

"But we also talk to the older guys and that's been good. They give me advice and stuff."

Forty-year-old Thomas Brorsson has been at Thamkrabok for 25 days. From near Gothenburg, southern Sweden, he's piercing blue eyes and a happy demeanor. Numerous



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: A MONK BREWING THE "VOMIT DRINK"; THE SACRED VOW OF *SAJJA*; JEREMY, 20, FROM PERTH; PATIENTS HEADING BACK FROM STEAM BATHS.

"TREATMENT AT HOME – YOU GET DRUGS AND MEDICINES FROM THE HOSPITAL. THIS TIME I WANTED TO QUIT EVERYTHING."

tattoos mark his body – a World of Warcraft warrior inked into his left shin.

"I injected amphetamine between 18 and 29, but then I became a father and stopped for five years. And then I came back to it."

After his eldest daughter found drug-related messages on his computer, his girlfriend researched treatment centres and discovered the monastery. He last used three days before boarding his flight. "Treatment at home – you get drugs and medicines from the hospital. This time I wanted to quit everything."

He accepts the sleepy pace of the centre and general lack of engagement has meant lengthy days of introspection. He's also taken to painting the dormitory – his way of saying thanks to the monks, who'll accept anyone who turns up, regardless of whether they can afford the minimum basic payment.

"I can hardly remember my first week here – it's a blur. I followed the other people and talked a lot. But I have calmed, I've taken a step back and I've had time to think about my life and what's important. It's simple here, I like that. My mind is generally racing all the time, not right now."

Still, the heat and lack of air conditioning have proven arduous.

"The mosquitoes are awful. But it's the heat that is the toughest – trying to sleep when its still 30°C, with just a ceiling fan, it's crazy. But I want to do this, I want to walk away from here better than when I came. I already am. I am happy with where I am now. "

T

Travelling to ameliorate one's health isn't a new phenomenon. Epidaurus, on Greece's Saronic Gulf, lured ancient Mediterranean types to visit the healing powers of Asclepius – while kicking back in balmy, local waters.

And the increased waves of Australians engaging overseas addiction services shouldn't come as a surprise, considering the amount dealing with such dependencies. According to the United Nations 2014 World Drug Report, we're now the biggest global consumers (per capita) of ecstasy, second in opioids, third in methamphetamines and fourth in cocaine.

Such statistics underline the lure of The Cabin and Thamkabrok – especially as both claim higher-than-average recovery rates.

"We have a 90 per cent success rate," chimes Mordey. "Though what's a success? Nobody's defined that. Are we talking somebody decreasing their harms, somebody being sober for a year, not injecting anymore, never using drugs for the rest of their life? And how do you collate those stats?" Exactly.

Nadine Ezard, clinical director of the Alcohol and Drug Service at Sydney's St Vincent's Hospital speaks openly of her worries around overseas rehab centres and the many private facilities that now inform the multibillion-dollar 'health tourism' industry.

"I've met people and family members who'll go to any length to help loved ones or people they know change their lives – and it's pretty easy to exploit that kind of motivation," says Ezard. "So one of my concerns would be about the profiteering motives of some of the centres, though that's not to say there isn't profiteering in the private sector here."

She also questions difficulties for patients attempting to integrate back into Australia and a return to 'normal life'.

"A patient might have managed to achieve their goals in rehab, but the second they're back outside, and the context of their lives hasn't changed, then they get back to whatever they were doing before. We're talking about a chronic relapsing condition, so people will have repeated episodes – they may need help again and the issue with doing it somewhere that isn't home, you don't have the post-rehab care."

When we next talk, Liam has celebrated nine months sober. He's moved to the southern Queensland and with the support of family is working as a lifesaver.

"It's been a long journey," he says. "The thing is, you're so cotton-wooled over there that when you come out, and come back, dealing with life on its terms can be a shock."

Still, he states The Cabin saved his life.

"I was privileged and lucky to go there, and I know that many people won't have that same opportunity. But it was a great experience. Too many Australian places ignore the CBT side of things, but that's what really helped me. All that work they did – it arms you with the tools to come out and survive."

Future plans, for now, remain loose. Though he's eyeing off university and a possible degree in geosciences.

"Something along those lines. I want to discover a dinosaur fossil, that's my motivating factor. It'll be a more isolated, regional uni – that's what's best for me as Sydney's still a no-go.

"And sure, I could always be a little bit fitter, but, y'know, life's good. I'm in such a better place and I'm not looking back." ■

WORDS PAIGE FERRARI

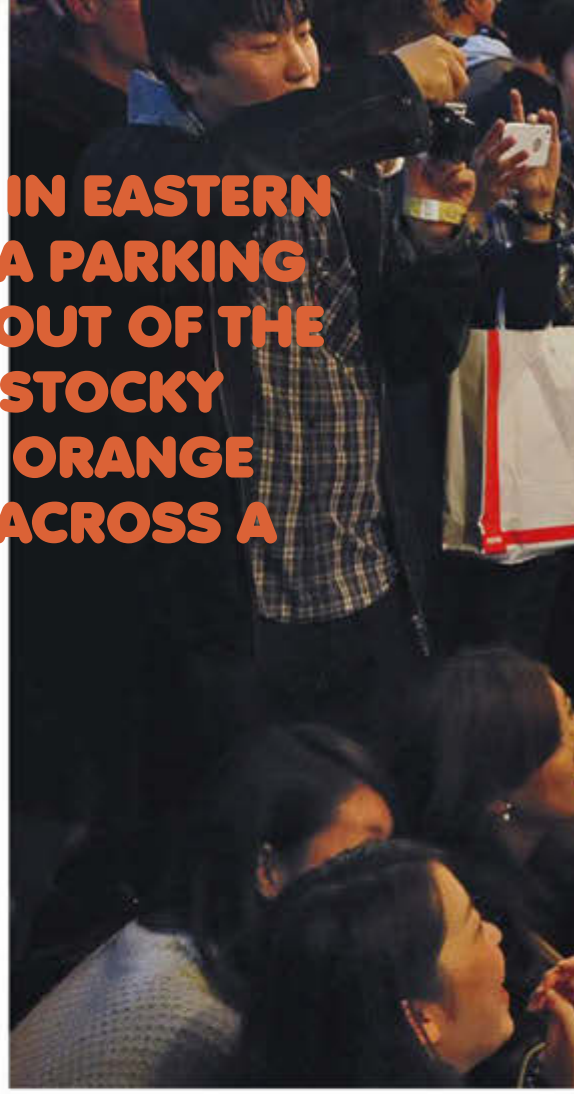
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PHOTOGRAPHY JEREMY LIEBMAN

BIG IN JAPAN

SHIMIKEN IS THE KING OF JAPANESE PORN, A $26bn INDUSTRY THAT PRODUCES MORE THAN DOUBLE THE NUMBER OF ADULT FILMS OF AMERICA. THE ONLY PROBLEM: HE'S AN ENDANGERED SPECIES – ONE OF ONLY 70 MALE ACTORS IN A BUSINESS CHURNING OUT THOUSANDS OF VIDEOS A YEAR – AND WHILE HE KEEPS COMING, THE REINFORCEMENTS DON'T.





ON A SUNNY SATURDAY MORNING IN EASTERN TOKYO, A SILVER AUDI PULLS INTO A PARKING LOT AND SPARKS PANDEMONIUM. OUT OF THE DRIVER'S SEAT BOUNCES A SMALL, STOCKY MAN WITH BULGING BICEPS, SPIKY ORANGE HAIR AND A BROAD SMILE SPREAD ACROSS A BEAMING, SPRAY-TANNED FACE.

He bounds onto the pavement wearing a hoodie and a T-shirt that reads 'sex instructor'. To his left, the mostly male crowd leans forward. "Shimiken!" several shout, and a clatter of smartphone shutter sounds follows like a round of applause. "Let's go," whispers Shimiken to a handler attempting to clear a path through the throng. He raises one arm over his head to air-high-five his riveted fans. It's the morning of the Japan Adult Expo and the crowd has been waiting for tickets. Inside, they'll get to meet the stars of their wildest fantasies. Outside, they've already caught a glimpse of something rarer – the man who's actually lived them all.

At 35, Shimiken is the king of Japanese porn, more often referred to as AV (adult video) in Japan. There's essentially nothing he won't do or hasn't done, while getting busy with more than 7500 female co-stars, including a former teen pop singer, Hungarian exchange students, and a pair of 72-year-old twins. In 18 years and more than 7000 films, he's refused only one scenario – sex with an actress after she had sex with a dog. (He agreed to a rewrite in which the dog merely licked butter off the woman before their scene.)

Shimiken's catholic attitude towards kink, combined with what, in porn years, is an epic tenure, has earned him the widespread national recognition of a younger Ron Jeremy or a more seasoned James Deen. The 50-year-old driver picking us up from Tokyo Narita Airport hears his name and nods: "Shimiken? Shimiken is famous. Or at least, his dick is." Everyone in the AV industry reveres both his name and his anatomy (6.3 inches claims an online profile), though the latter is always pixelated. As Shimiken passes through the halls of the convention's backstage area, robed women pop out from side rooms and coo greetings through cigarette smoke, including *otsukaresama*, which literally means "you must be tired." It's a standard Japanese offering of thanks, but in this case, it's all-too-apt. Because everyone in the know understands that Shimiken is beset by exhaustion.

A few months ago, in a fit of on-set fatigue, Shimiken went public with his feelings about the stresses of being one of the few male talents in Japanese adult video.

"In this industry there are only 70 male porn stars to 10,000 women. The number of male porn stars in Japan is less than that of Bengal tigers," he tweeted. "With 4000 new films every month, the number of male actors simply isn't enough. This industry is like a hole in the wall that needs to get bigger!" By the time he wrapped up his next money shot and checked his phone, his call to arms had been retweeted more than 3000 times.

"The 70 guys refers to the stallions on call," explains an AV filmmaker named Daeng (who requested that his last name be withheld). High-profile actors, like Shimiken, are in heavier rotation. "It's a physically demanding job and if they run out of juice, it's not good." AV director Michiru Ayashiyama worries that this already overtaxed group of performers will not only tire out, but age from relevance."I sincerely hope the younger pool increases," he says, "because soon these actors are going to get old. Their experience will go up, but their strength will go down."

And so Shimiken arrives at Japan's largest porn expo bearing a nation's libido on his shoulders. He hasn't taken a holiday in seven years – too busy keeping it up to stop an estimated $26bn industry from going limp.

Though Shimiken's count of working male porn actors might seem low, other insiders have pegged the number as even lower, closer to 30. As for their female counterparts, a controversial Japanese article recently asserted that, statistically, one in 200 Japanese women had appeared in an AV film, with an industry churn of 6000 new actresses a year, according to the author Atsuhiko Nakamura. Demand is high – Japan produces more than double the number of porn films as the US, though America has more than twice its population.

Even in the US, most aspiring men drop out when faced with the realities of this work. "We're not talking about splitting firewood here, but it is very physically demanding," says Kevin O'Neal, a former porn actor and current agent at Adult Talent Managers in Los Angeles. "And you're going to have to do it with a camera between your legs." Among AV performers, Shimiken's stamina is legendary – his workload often has him shooting eight hours a day, seven days a week. "He must be Mr Magic," concedes O'Neal.

To maintain the strength necessary to make up to six movies a day, Shimiken exercises 90 minutes a day, four days a week, focusing on heavy weightlifting and deep squats, which he says not only help his thrusts but also build up testosterone.



XXX

IN THIS INDUSTRY THERE ARE ONLY 70 MALE PORN STARS TO 10,000 WOMEN.

He lives off a kit bag filled with glutamine, branched-chain amino acid, zinc (said to make semen whiter), arginine and vitamin jelly. He dumps the bag's contents out for inspection and nowhere in the pile is the pill that fuels the American porn industry: Viagra. "I haven't had to use it. Yet."

While the physical requirements are certainly a barrier to entry for most men, Shimiken says that because the ranks are limited, they stay that way – despite the obvious benefits. "Men say the pool is just too small to risk entering," he explains. "Anyone who tries it will be immediately recognisable and could rule out ever having a normal life."

Though a few AV stars (mostly female) have found success as TV presenters or talking-head personalities, "Shimiken's concerns do point to real issues regarding social stigma in Japan," says Kumiko Endo, an adjunct professor of religion at New York State's Hofstra University. "There are definite roadblocks for former AV actors who want to transition into the mainstream."

Yujiro Enoki, the director of the documentary *The Other Side of the Sex*, goes further, warning that great fame can bring great shame. "Once you've become an AV star, it becomes hard to get a normal job," he says. "And it can only become worse if you try to conceal your past. It doesn't matter whether you're retired or not, you can't have financial credit from a bank, so it's really difficult to get, for example, a housing loan."

Several years back, Shimiken found himself unable to rent an apartment. Landlord after landlord judged his occupation objectionable, even when he presented a full bank account. He was able to sign a lease only when one real-estate agent revealed she was a fan – offering to secure him a place to live if he'd come to dinner with fans from her office.

"Do you have my costume?" Shimiken asks Shota Wakasugi, a lanky twentysomething in a bright-blue hoodie wearing Harry Potter glasses. With a flourish, he pulls out a Day-Glo orange reindeer costume – just a shade removed from Shimiken's own head-to-toe tawniness. Wakasugi works for Tonakai, an herbal supplement that promises to give users the relentless endurance of Santa's preferred sled animals and, consumers hope, Shimiken himself. Sexual-enhancement supplements are big business in Japan, and while Shimiken eschews the little blue pill, he was, according to Wakasugi, a natural as Tonakai's spokesman due to his cheerful nature, good energy, and "incomparable stamina". When asked why more men don't follow his client's career path, Wakasugi pauses for a moment, before handing Shimiken a mask adorned with phallic antlers and a glittering orange superhero cape. "I don't know if men here want to do what he does," he says, "or if they simply can't do it physically."

In 2013, *The Guardian* reported a huge swathe of Japan's younger generation was suffering from "celibacy syndrome", with 45 per cent of women aged 16 to 24, and more than 25 per cent of men in the same age bracket reporting no interest in sex whatsoever. This came on the heels of other apocalyptic erotic forecasts. Japan has the second-lowest birthrate in the world, one in four marriages is reportedly sexless, and a new term has cast a long shadow over the cultural conversation: *soshokukei dansei*. It translates to 'grass-eating men', used to describe a generation of young men who are unassertive with women and uninterested in the intricacies of courtship and intimacy. In a recent poll, 60.5 per cent of men 20-34 identified as grass-eaters, helping to explain why Japan ranks as the world's second-largest porn market (behind only South Korea with the US third).

"I don't necessarily think this particular generation has had a decline in sexual desire,

but there has been a shift in sexual outlets," says Endo. As Japan's young men consume more pornography and pursue fewer traditional dating opportunities, the disparity builds, with "higher pornography feeding into the declining interpersonal element," creating a vicious circle of solo love. For the large portion of Japan's so-called grass-eating men, says Endo, the drift towards more porn and fewer relationships "is more about passively opting out than making a decision."

Japan's foundering economy is also a factor. "You have a generation of men who haven't found financial security, while their fathers did by their age. That lends itself to undermining masculinity," adds Endo. "And there's no real pick-up or bar-dating culture, so it takes a lot of proactive energy and confidence to put yourself out there."

Confidence was never a problem for Shimiken. Born Ken Shimizu in 1979 in a small village hours outside Tokyo, he sits squarely in the generation that would later be dubbed *sosbokukei dansei*. But Shimiken never had a taste for grass. By 15, he was honing his skills as a pick-up artist, obsessively, if not always successfully, hitting on women on the street and in arcades. He loved sex and porn unabashedly. The dirtier, the better.

While other boys were in class, Shimiken would sneak onto the school roof and masturbate over the side of the building, hearing the screams of the girls below as his semen splattered on classroom windows. After stumbling upon an obscene porn parody of *The Swiss Family Robinson* (which, in a failure of translation, reads *The Shit and Piss Family Robinson*), he wrote an editorial for the school newspaper about how the film's rare and elegant beauty deserved an Academy Award. When the paper refused to print his paean, he posted it on a bulletin board until a teacher tore it down. For Shimiken, the write-up was serious.

"Until I saw that movie, I was so ashamed of my own kinks and desires," he says. "Then I saw there's a place where I could live out these things and have fun – a place where it's OK. Maybe there are other people like me."

Despite a penchant for erotic mischief, Shimiken earned a place at one of Tokyo's top private universities – generally a golden ticket to the bourgeoisie – but while his classmates competed for the next brass ring, Shimiken did the unthinkable, opting out to take odd jobs to support his real passion, working in adult films.

"I knew I had fetishes, and I knew there was only one place where I could live them, free from judgment. So I became a ronin," he says, using the derogatory term for students who aren't recruited out of school and have to wander aimlessly, like the masterless samurai. After a brief return to college, he dropped out, devoting himself to AV full-time.





JAPANESE PORN STAR SHIMIKEN; SCENES FROM ONE OF THE THOUSAND-PLUS FILMS SHIMIKEN HAS FEATURED IN.

His first on-camera opportunity wasn't quite the glamorous orgy he'd imagined. He answered an ad in a local paper and showed up to an unpalatable offer: 15,000 yen ($164) to eat a plate of faeces, take it or leave it. He took it. The next day, he was so sick that he went to hospital, where doctors put him on IV antibiotics, diagnosed him with what he remembers simply as "shit disease", and billed him 20,000 yen ($219). It was a brutal baptism but not uncommon, says Shimiken. For the first year, he was paid so little he had to pull extra shifts working traffic control while serving as a guinea pig for university lab experiments.

On top of this, he also had to face public shaming. While working his way up in the AV world, he landed a gig on an evening TV show and gained a cult following as a jokey personality. "My parents were so excited to see me on TV," he recalls. Then one of his co-hosts decided to out him, on air, as a pornographic performer.

"The world stopped," remembers Shimiken. Everyone in his hometown was watching. He feared the admission could cost him his part-time jobs, his apartment, and any hope of working a straight gig again. But the revelations only deepened his resolve. Instead of covering it up or apologising, Shimiken admitted to his porn work – even the scatological forays – with such charm and humour that the public became intrigued by this unflappable, lovable pervert. The network even started a segment called 'Let's Fix Shimiken', in which they would send the young star out to skydive or bungee-jump to see if extreme activity could break his X-rated addiction. It never did. But juicy AV offers started rolling in.

"My parents were surprised but not really surprised," he says, laughing. "They knew I was good with girls. So they said they'd consider it like a part-time job." In one of Shimiken's most popular videos, he picks up non-professional performers off the street and charms them into coming back and making a home video. In one, his mother barges in unexpectedly, asking, "Shimiken? What is going on here?" Shimiken begged

the director to take it out of the cut, but her scolding stayed and the *cinema verité* moment helped boost his bawdy, boy-next-door image.

As Shimiken's public profile grew, he began approaching his career with the commitment of an elite athlete: eating an all-protein diet, putting in gym time, abstaining from alcohol and staying up late at night to practise ejaculating on glamour shots of starlets to get the aim of his *gansha* (facial) just right. "It's rude to get it in a girl's eyes," he says. "I wanted to make it perfect." Between this exacting work ethic and his popularity with female costars, Shimiken was quickly earning 50,000 to 60,000 yen ($547 to $658) a shoot, sometimes filming up to 21 scenes a week. Suddenly, he was a mascot of sorts for an unapologetic, unflagging Japanese masculinity that so many social commentators were eager to declare extinct.

"A talent like Shimiken is something that only comes around every 10 to 15 years," says the director Michiru Ayashiyama. "He's a bridge to the future of AV and also a bridge from AV to the outside world."

Adds Endo: "Most men in Japan don't actually want to think of themselves as grass-eaters. Groups of grass-eating guys who spend time together never meet any women, so they always want to have a 'meat-eating' friend in the mix who gives them access to women."

Shimiken, with his roaring libido, may be playing the part of proxy wingman to an entire generation of men. And yet it's possible his importance is greatest to Japan's undersexed women. In response to the phenomenon of grass-eating men, culture watchers have now observed *nikushokukei joshi*, or 'meat-eating women', who've picked up the slack by aggressively pursuing sexual gratification. And some of these carnivores are Shimiken's biggest fans.

Back at Tokyo's Japan Adult Expo, Wakasugi has finished coating Shimiken – now in full horny-reindeer regalia – with a thick gloss of Vaseline. As he takes to the stage, a group of twentysomething women break through to the front. "We love Shimiken!" says one, who travelled four hours to be here. And this is the 20th time she's seen him in person. "I love that he has such raw sexual energy." Her hand reaches out to hover half an inch from his biceps. "And I love that he is faithful to his fetishes. He's loyal to his perversions."

She grabs her friend, insistent that the reason for their rabid fandom is fully understood. They pantomime some of Shimiken's signature porn moves, including "*Shimi-cun*", his trademarked cunnilingus technique, a virtuoso combination of shifting his head up and down while lolling his tongue from side to side. Shimiken, posing for picture-after-picture nearby, somehow seems like the least pervy person in the room. A slender young woman in a headband and a plaid dress shuffles from the front of the line and into his arms, then hurries away to show her friends the photo. She works at the film-review board, an agency that oversees the placement of the pixelated "mosaic" over the genitals in all Japanese pornography, part of an archaic Meiji-era decency law that has spawned an industry in its own right. She spends her days watching AV, marking time codes for the censors. During those viewing sessions, Shimiken made an impression. "I've seen him so many times, I feel like I already know him," she says. Her co-worker agrees. As Shimiken flexes and thrusts his hips, she drops to her knees to snap a picture of his crotch. "I know him better than my own boyfriend."

Several days after the AV expo, Shimiken sails into a restaurant in Tokyo's Nishi-Azabu neighborhood – the kind of place with silk tablecloths and staff who buzz around with earpieces to take note of famous arrivals – wearing sneakers and toting a duffel bag. The waiters greet him by name. Today was a light day: by noon, he'd taken a new porn star's 'virginity'. By 3pm, he'd wrapped a niche scene that centred on girls consuming huge jugs of water before penetration. Shimiken unfolds his napkin, waves off the cocktail list and orders a green tea and the tasting menu.

"Have you heard the phrase, 'the nail that stands out gets hammered down'?" he asks, referring to a traditional Japanese adage that drawing attention to oneself can lead to persecution. "Even now, I worry about it."

Shimiken earns up to 2.8m yen ($30,700) a week. He owns five cars, including an Audi and '80s gull-wing DeLorean, and frequents Tokyo's best restaurants. Still, he admits following his dream has cost him in real, if intangible, ways. "I've never had a normal relationship," he says. "It has always ended horribly." He used to date co-stars, even in defiance of industry nonfraternisation rules, but these days he avoids such. "It's my belief that you can't be a pretty girl in this industry and also be happy. This business uses pretty girls up until they feel they have no value and they quit."

Mid-meal, Shimiken reveals that he had a fleeting taste of normal life that lasted several years before crumbling. He was once married, and has twin daughters. Now his ex-wife and six-year-old girls live in the far-north region of Hokkaido. Shimiken says he tries to visit whenever he can, but worries about what his presence will do, fearing for his daughters will be teased because of his taboo vocation. "One day, I'll tell them that Dad has chosen a career that makes many people very happy," he says. "I'll tell them I do something that brings peace to many people." And if they ever wanted to follow in his footsteps? "I would absolutely stop them. Without hesitation."

As the final course arrives, he offers some clarification. "I have no regrets about my career. This is where I was meant to be." Though, he maintains, "The reality is that porn is mostly a shitty place filled with shitty people. I'd just like to be a light among the shit."

XXX

"THE REALITY IS THAT PORN IS MOSTLY A SHITTY PLACE FILLED WITH SHITTY PEOPLE."

The Japanese have a word, *karoshi*, that means death by overwork – an affliction widespread enough to spawn government studies and public-service announcements. So far, there's no record of its claiming the life of an AV star. Shimiken, for his part, seems determined to carry on full-throttle for as long as he can, even if reinforcements aren't forthcoming. Settling the bill, he becomes somewhat animated, talking about the latest Japanese trend: elder porn, featuring numerous actors over 60. He'll keep doing what he's doing forever. Or as long as he lasts. "Until I die," he says emphatically. "I will be doing this until I die." ■

EXTRA PHOTOGRAPHY: JAKE ADELSTEIN. ADDITIONAL RESEARCH: ANGELA ERIKA KUBO.



This page: Tom wears cotton coat, $2600, by **Dior Homme**; cotton blazer, $2525, cotton shirt, $835, and stainless steel 'Dive' watch, $1315, all by **Gucci**; wool tie, $140, by **Paul Smith**; cotton '522' jeans, $120, by **Levi's**; leather belt, $129, by **Calibre**; leather 'Victoria III' holdall, $9895, by **Hermès**. Right: Brent wears nylon jacket, POA, by **Burberry Brit**; cotton blazer, $599, and cotton jumper, $329, both by **Polo Ralph Lauren**; cotton chinos, $139, by **Brooks Brothers**; wool-blend socks, $41, by **Paul Smith**; leather 'Union Street' boots, $270, by **Rockport**.



TREADING WATER

CLIMB ABOARD THIS SEASON'S NAUTICALLY-INSPIRED TRENDS.

PHOTOGRAPHY JORDAN GRAHAM
STYLING BARNABY ASH



Brent wears bonded-leather 'Firemans' coat, $2899, and cotton-blend jumper, $469, both by **Polo Ralph Lauren**; cotton chinos, $139, by **Brooks Brothers**; cotton socks, $7.95, by **Bonds**; leather shoes, $1800, by **Dior Homme**; leather 'Start MM' bag, $4150, by **Louis Vuitton**.



Tom wears cotton shirt, $355, by **Paul Smith**; cotton 'Paxtyn' jeans, $290, by **7 For All Mankind**; wool beanie, $21, by **Topman**; metal/acetate sunglasses, $450, by **Persol** at **Sunglass Hut**; leather 'Keepall 45 Bandoulière' bag, $5800, and blue leather 'Keepall 45 Bandoulière' bag, $5750, both by **Louis Vuitton**; leather belt, $129, by **Calibre**.





This page: Tom wears wool 'Camiel' coat, $999, by **BOSS Menswear**; cashmere rollneck, POA, by **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; cotton pants, $299, by **Marc by Marc Jacobs** at **David Jones**; socks, stylist's own; leather 'Supercolor Superstar by Pharrell Williams' trainers, $130, by **Adidas Originals**; wool beanie, $59, by **Calibre**; leather 'Etrivière II' satchel, $8410, by **Hermès**. Left: Brent wears cashmere/wool coat, POA, by **Burberry Prorsum**; cashmere jumper, $368, by **Raey** at **Matches**; cotton jeans, POA, by **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; wool beanie, model's own; wool 'Moschino' scarf, $169, by **Calibre**.



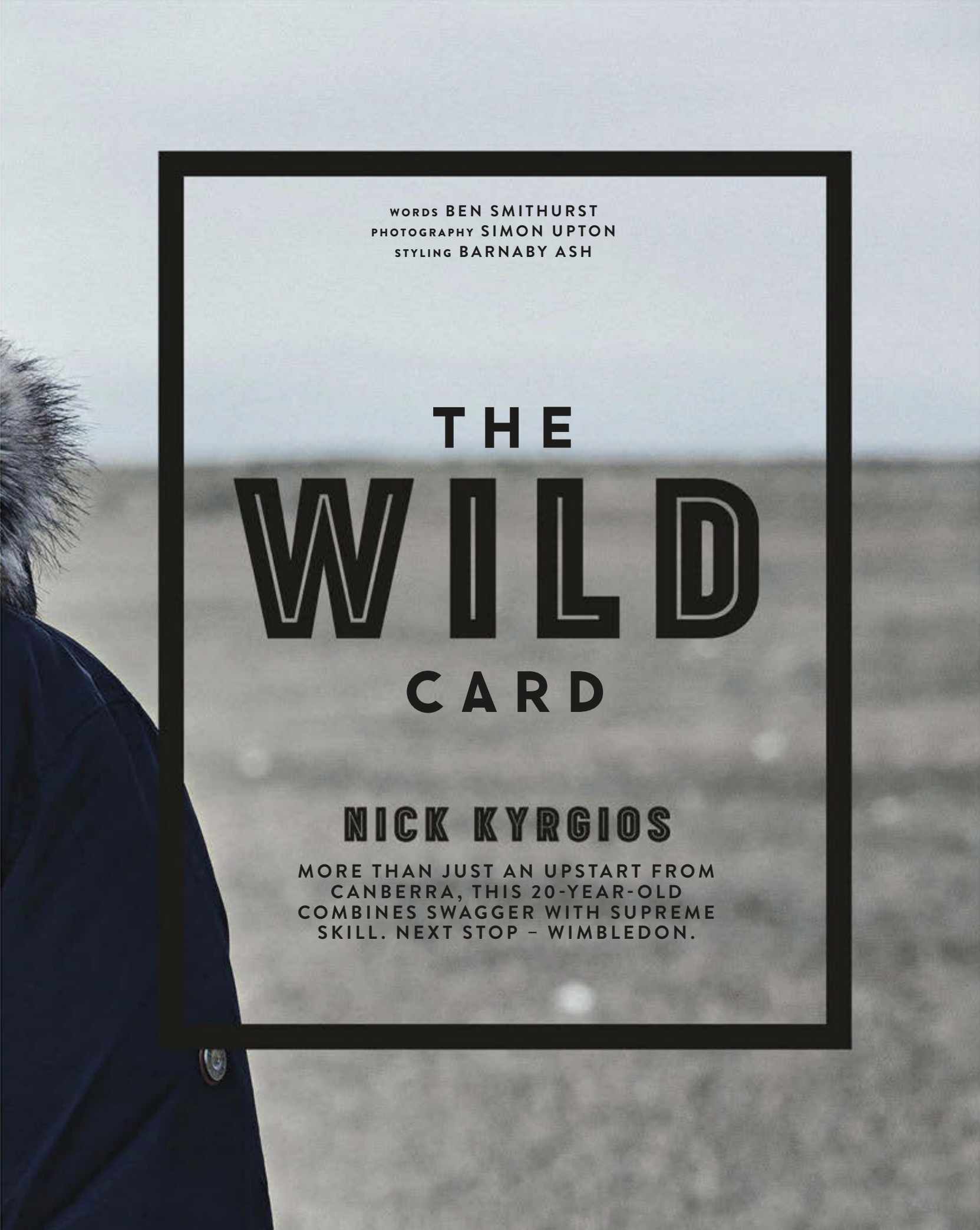
This page: Brent wears rubber/cotton parka, $4800, by **Dior Homme**; cotton 'Barstow Western' shirt, $110, by **Levi's**; cotton pants, POA, by **Louis Vuitton**; cotton socks, $7.95, by **Bonds**; canvas/rubber 'Bar Tape' sneakers, $100, by **Converse Jack Purcell**; leather belt, $995, by **Hermès**.
Right: Tom wears nylon jacket, $1030, and cotton chinos, $299, both by **Paul Smith**; wool jumper, $940, by **Prada**; cotton shirt, $970, by **Dior Homme**; canvas/leather backpack, POA, by **Dolce & Gabbana**; wool beanie, $120, by **Paul Smith**.



GROOMING: SOPHIE ROBERTS AT THE ARTIST GROUP. MODELS: BRENT AT LONDON MANAGEMENT; TOM BARKER AT PRISCILLAS. ALL FURNITURE AT CULT DESIGN; *CULTDESIGN.COM.AU*



Nylon parka, $350, and wool jumper, $130, both by **Ben Sherman**; cotton jacket, $398, by **Arthur Galan AG**; wool scarf, $175, by **Bally**; all jewellery, Kyrgios' own.



WORDS BEN SMITHURST
PHOTOGRAPHY SIMON UPTON
STYLING BARNABY ASH

THE WILD CARD

NICK KYRGIOS

MORE THAN JUST AN UPSTART FROM CANBERRA, THIS 20-YEAR-OLD COMBINES SWAGGER WITH SUPREME SKILL. NEXT STOP – WIMBLEDON.

Camel-hair duffle coat, $1899, and leather gloves, $349, both by **Hugo Boss**; cotton shirt, $140, and cotton 'Bronson' chinos, $140, both by **G-Star**; leather 'Comfort Craftsman' boots, $440, by **RM Williams**.



Nylon/duck-down jacket, $1499, cotton shirt, $449, and cotton trousers, $699, all by **Ralph Lauren**.



Cotton/shearling coat, $698, by **Arthur Galan AG**; cotton 'Rod' jeans, $120, by **Ben Sherman**.

At this year's Australian Open, a skillful man-boy – and local tennis prodigy – stopped and shouted at the stands.

"Oi! Where are you going?" came his cry.

In professional sport, it's unusual to berate fans, let alone mid-match – hell, mid-*serve*. But Nick Kyrgios is not the usual sportsman. He cares not for 'The Filter' – that self-imposed veil of banality that lines the pockets of many peers.

The Filter is beloved of corporate sponsors and thus by managers and officialdom, but in truth, it's boring. And Kyrgios may be a lot of things – surly, passionate, enthusiastic, off-the-cuff, barely 20 – but he's not boring.

In that match, which became a fourth-round, five-set epic against Italian journeyman Andreas Seppi (boring), Kyrgios bent racquets and hurled invective in the direction of an errant grandstand ringtone ("Get off your fucking phone!"). He chided another punter who'd made a yelp just as he was duffing a point ("Are you right, mate?").

Then came the man-boy's endearing spray. Two sets down, and in trouble, he spied three spectators heading for the exit. Kyrgios looked up, turned 180 degrees, and chirped, "Oi!" The crowd laughed, then mock-booed the trio, who smiled and returned to their seats. Kyrgios had brought the house down, then went on to win the match.

All sports love their *enfants terribles*, but none so passionately – or hypocritically – as tennis. In retirement, the perfectionist iceman genius of an Ivan Lendl faded as fast as any title won by hirsute tennis robot Pete Sampras. At the same time, charismatic players Jimmy Connors or Ilie Nastase were transformed from brats to loveable rogues. And "Are you SERIOUS?" now makes John McEnroe a million bucks in bank ads.

Nick Kyrgios stands 192cm in his size-thirteens. Bolstered by winter wear, an autumnal palette and lush pine needles underfoot, today's *GQ* shoot is lent an almost alpine feel. In reality, it's an unseasonal 28°C, and he's mere metres from a car park lay-by, 17km from Sutton, near his Canberra HQ, where his winnings are invested in property and his bulky older brother Christos' chain of gyms.

Kyrgios has age-appropriate broody posing down pat, and age-appropriate wider interests: PlayStation, basketball, girls. But it's clear he's thought deeply about his main game, where he bemoans the pressure to be "priest-like".

"I like the way it used to be back in the Connors/McEnroe days," he says. "They were mouthing off at each other, at the umpires. People forget they were out of control. And now, you can't do anything. But just because you get fined, I still don't see much wrong with it."

Of course, vitriol without wit is just abuse. Cue that Kyrgios twinkle.

His breakthrough 2014 victory over Rafa Nadal at Wimbledon was the first time a player outside the top 100 had beaten a world No.1 at a Grand Slam since 1992. Prior to the match, Kyrgios fronted reporters at one of the ATP's endless, mandatory press conferences.

"There's 14 Grand Slams between us," deadpanned Kyrgios, "so it's going to be a good match."

Today he laughs on hearing the comment replayed. "I say what I think. People are so conscious of saying the right

Wool-blend coat, $899, by **BOSS Menswear**; cotton ‘Helvella’ jumper, $259, by **Diesel**; cotton ‘Louis’ shirt, $269, by **Farage**; cotton ‘Hampstead’ jeans, $120, by **Ben Sherman**; leather ‘Kermann’ boots, $1450, by **Bally**; leather gloves, $475, by **Gucci**.



Cashmere/wool jacket, $3850, cotton jumper, $995, cotton pants, $975, and wool 'Climber V' scarf, $530, all by **Louis Vuitton**; leather gloves, $475, by **Gucci**.

thing in front of the media that they hide how they truly feel. If I don't agree with something, or think there's a chance to say something funny, then I'm gonna say it."

Not that he's reckless. True loose cannons eschew The Filter entirely. Kyrgios, at least, avoids friendly fire.

When pressed on his Twitter flirting with Belarusian powerhouse Victoria Azarenka – after beating Seppi – Kyrgios offered a smile and a teenager's, "no comment." Sweltering in Louis Vuitton on an ACT side road, he reuses that same response when asked to nominate the hottest female tennis pro. Though he does admit secret hook-ups between players are more common than most think.

"Oh yeah. I won't say any [names], but mate, a lot goes on." And the tour is a bubble; there are few secrets. "What happens on tour gets around fast, so you have to be careful."

The man-boy pauses. Thinks briefly about The Filter. Throws it away.

"That's why I don't mess with any tennis chicks."

Of course, *les enfants terribles* also attract more female attention than the media-savvy nice guys. Pat Rafter might have married up, but in faraway Bermuda, stuffed between Ferraris and infinity pools, the unfortunately dubbed 'The Poo' [Mark Philippoussis] dated models, Delta, more models and Anna Kournikova. Then there were Marat Safin's antics.

Surely Kyrgios has noticed some extra attention? He chuckles, but again the response is tempered. "Yeah, I mean, there's definitely some advantages," he offers. "You fly around the world doing what you love and that's play tennis. And if you're good enough, some of the top players have a lot of girls as well…"

What about a pre-match ban on sex? "Ha! No, I don't abide by that rule. I don't abide by that at all."

A first ATP final and sensational victory over Roger Federer at the Madrid Masters in May mean the young Aussie heads to Wimbledon in the form of his life. Interestingly, he implores the vocal local cheer squad not to write off "close friend" Bernard Tomic, whom he describes as "not a knob at all – he's caring and just a kid as well. Things happened pretty quick for him."

As for Wimbledon's traditions, Kyrgios admits respect. But as his breakthrough win over Rafa proved, he won't be cowed by big name opponents. "It's exciting," he says. "And I'm going to be confident going back to grass, but in saying that, a lot of top players will be there again. Everyone can sense the slot for the slam title is opening up a little bit."

GQ suggests the top tier is already looking over their collective shoulder – for fear of the man-boy from Canberra coming for their titles. And girlfriends.

"I cop a lot of hate and criticism on tour for doing that sort of stuff, so I guess that's part of it," he says, breaking off before smiling. "I'm kidding, I'm kidding! Not everything I say is serious."

Welcome to the first act of Nick Kyrgios. He's broken rules. He's busted racquets. His self-censorship is vague at best. And he's the best and brightest thing to happen to Australian tennis in, well, a long time.

"I don't see why there's any rush to grow up. The future doesn't scare me – it's exciting."

Time then to resume your seats – it would be a mistake to leave now. ■

Leather/shearling vest, $9050, cotton jacket, $2120, and cashmere 'V Karakoram' scarf, $1100, all by **Louis Vuitton**; cotton trousers, $449, by **Ralph Lauren**; cotton 'Roshe Run' trainers, $135, by **Nike** at **ASOS**. **Grooming**: Rowan Montague at Detail for Men using American Crew.



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SAY GOODBYE TO THE 9-TO-5



WORDS **ANDREW McUTCHEN; DAVID HALLIDAY**

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If you're happy having a boss, stop reading now. But for just one moment, entertain the idea of leaving the monotony of nine-to-five (OK, eight) to start something fresh and exciting. Because, in a subtle but significant shift, employees are now the drivers of their own careers, not the middle management most of us feel we're bound to. Like it or not, you're directing your own course.

Leaving stable employment to found a start-up or pursue an industry dream needn't be the swift and sudden jolt that terrifies most would-be entrepreneurs.

Using three success stories as a guide, we explore the arguments for and against upping ship and tossing the boss – and when the best time is to do so.

The key is finding the right career, then going along with it and testing the waters while still having the comfort of a salary hitting your account each month. The notion of 'chasing your dreams' is closer, but in this instance, add 'with caution, commitment and purpose'.

Nathan Chan, who launched *Foundr* magazine, did exactly that when deciding that crawling around under employees' desks plugging in computer cords wasn't actually his life's calling.

Not yet in his thirties, Chan has now conducted more than 150 interviews with some of the world's most successful entrepreneurs, including Richard Branson, Arianna Huffington, best-selling author Seth Godin and celebrity life strategist Tony Robbins. All for *Foundr*. And with hundreds of thousands of downloads to date, his digital start-up is now a top-ranked global business and investment publication – sitting alongside *Fortune* and *Entrepreneur* magazines on the App Store. And to think it was only launched in 2013.

Prior to that, Chan spent five years working in a full-time IT support role with a leading digital travel agency. "I was fixing people's computers. People would call me when they had problems with their mouse. It wasn't the most fulfilling work."

His original thought was to move into marketing. "At first, I had no interest in starting my own business." He then found himself drifting towards the entrepreneurial space on "hearing stories about people living the dream".

The *Mission Impossible* theme song was beginning to play, but Chan didn't strike that match just yet – he held fire on burning his regular employment bridges too quickly. For three years, he was drawn to personal development and entrepreneurship. Creating a magazine along those lines as a side project was, initially, to "scratch my own itch".

Launching the publication while working full-time, he decided he couldn't leave until he'd completely replaced his income, with a further six month's savings in the bank.

"It took about 16 months to build *Foundr* to the point where I could leave my full-time job."

The rest is now unfolding, and, nothing against his former employer, he ain't looking back.



FOUNDR'S, NATHAN CHAN.

CASE STUDY BRENT WILSON

MENSWEAR DESIGNER AND GQ'S 2012 FASHION DESIGNER OF THE YEAR

Brent Wilson was young when he founded his eponymous menswear label. He was even younger when he started his apprenticeship as an electrician.

Hailing from Sydney's Northern Beaches, Wilson left a "blokey and blue collar" school at 15 to become a tradie. "Me and my mates didn't even finish year 10," he says.

However, Wilson's inner-career compass was directing him to an entirely different sector – fashion, despite there being no thought of making a living out of it.

"When working in the city, at lunchtime I'd go to shops and look at clothing."

It didn't take long for him to drift away from his original trade.

"I'd wake up and wouldn't be excited to go to work. The more I went, the more I knew it wasn't for me." Yet with no training or qualifications, his chances of landing a job with a fashion label were slim.

"I took my annual leave and volunteered at Sydney's Mercedes-Benz Fashion Week [as an usher]. I had my heart set on fashion."

PHOTOGRAPHY: GETTY IMAGES.

SIX FIRST STEPS

THINKING OF STARTING A BUSINESS AND DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN? *FOUNDR*'S NATHAN CHAN WEIGHS IN.

01 **Start it on the side to avoid financial pressure.** If money's coming in from a day job, your sole motivator isn't to make money, it's to provide value.

02 **Have at least six months savings in the bank.** Before devoting all your time to a new venture, aim to completely replace your income.

03 **Treat it as a project, not a business idea.** The most important thing is to put something out there and see what happens.

04 **Be prepared to make sacrifices.** Like getting up at 5am to work on your project before the workday. Or putting in another eight-hour 'day' after work.

05 **Failure is common – it's up to you whether it becomes permanent.** If you don't make it work the first time, try again. Success is a by-product of persistence.

06 **Become comfortable with discomfort.** The key difference between success and failure is a successful entrepreneur manages to square themselves against the discomfort of starting out.

An event organiser singled out Wilson as the one volunteer who actually looked excited to be there. Taking him under his wing, the pair attended every show and "he introduced me to everyone".

Through connections made that week, designer Wayne Cooper became an acquaintance and offered Wilson work experience. It proved invaluable. "Afterwards, I kept in contact," says Wilson. "Every couple of weeks, I'd ring and ask if they had a job."

During that time, Wilson quit the sparky life and found a job at skate and surf label Volcom. "I was pretty much sweeping floors because I didn't know anything." While there, Cooper called with a tempting offer, one Wilson immediately accepted.

"At Wayne Cooper, I was always the last to leave – I hung around like a bad smell. It was my hands-on way of learning."

He relished time in this new space. Constantly designing, he says, he was "always pushing the boundaries. Until one day, Wayne said, 'Mate if you want to start your own label, go do it.'"

Now, just 34, Wilson stands at the helm of one of the more successful Australian menswear labels – a decade on since he chose to pursue what he really wanted to do.

"You can do everything yourself now," he says. "It comes down to how creative or how hard you want to work. There's more competition, but there's also more tools at your fingertips to enable you a start."





CASE STUDY DAVID HAGGER

GALLERIST AND CURATOR, BLACK ART PROJECTS

David Hagger is a Melbourne-based curator, writer and co-director of Black Art Projects – a nomadic platform for the promotion and exhibition of the visual arts. Over the past 10 years he's worked with more than 100 international and Australian artists on projects in private and public galleries, institutions, art fairs, festivals, as well as some site-specific settings.

Yet the 37-year-old's background is not in art, rather, finance.

Once an analyst at one of the 'Big Four' banks, he walked away from a lucrative career.

"I had no desire or ambition to be in finance," says Hagger. "It was primarily to make ends meet with a steady wage and security."

He soon realised, however, that commitment in the industry would "lead to quickly working your way up", and so moved from a lowly position into business banking and, from there, into an analyst role in the central program office.

But it was art books and journals, not stock reports, that he was sifting though on his nightly commute home.

"I held a great passion for the arts from school," he says. This led to striking up a relationship with a Sydney gallery owner he'd met through friends. Seeking an outlet for his passion, Hagger began to help hang art shows after work. "From month to month, I did it out of pure love." As for his bank job, "my interests for banking started to wane. I found myself wanting more personal reward from work."

One night, over a quiet drink, his gallery-owner friend offered him a position and Hagger decided to take it, "quitting finance and taking a pay cut for the smile."

That eventually led to the formation of Black Art Projects, though he's avoided the cliché of becoming an artist himself. "My talents lie more in managing artists than being one," he offers.

Today, Hagger maintains that it only takes one opportunity, one unique encounter, for nascent dreams to be realised. Had that encounter not taken place, he's adamant he'd still have found a way to merge his professional interests. As for now, he happily states, "I can genuinely say I love what I do." ■

THE BUSINESS

NAME **IVAN BART**

ROLE **PRESIDENT, IMG MODELS WORLDWIDE**

MEET A MAN AT THE TOP OF THE GLOBAL TALENT MANAGEMENT TREE – A PSYCH MAJOR WHOSE ACCESSIBLE AND HUMANISING APPROACH HAS MADE HIM A FORMIDABLE, UNIQUE FORCE IN A CUTTHROAT INDUSTRY.



I WAS IN BROOKLYN IN THE '80s WHEN IT WAS DRUG-INFESTED AND CRIME-RIDDEN, AND IT'S NOW IN A RESURGENCE. I'm very connected and proud of the borough. One of my dreams is to be the mayor of Brooklyn.

I STUDIED PSYCHOLOGY THROUGH THE STATE UNIVERSITY SYSTEM. You'd get insecure about what college you attended – no, it wasn't Ivy League – but now, at my age, I'm proud state universities exist and allow people to get a great tertiary education.

I WANTED A CAREER IN HELPING PEOPLE. My mother had issues, she was bipolar, and that inspired me. I'm fascinated by people's motivation and I love to sit and overhear conversations.

THE MODELLING WORLD IS A DIFFERENT INDUSTRY NOW – IT'S A BUSINESS. And that has a lot to do with IMG and the way we manage our talent. For us, this is a human business with real connections – I'm connected to the people we manage.

IF YOU MANAGE SOMEONE WELL, ALL PARTS OF THEIR LIFE SHOULD BENEFIT FROM IT: financially, mentally, physically. The health and wellbeing of our talent is in the forefront [of our minds] and I want executives who understand that. We've had success with executives who didn't know what they wanted to do in their lives, but who came in and had a great rapport with people – who were caring individuals.

I LIKE TO BE ACCESSIBLE. Anyone can email me and I'll answer them. And that surprises some – but they can always reach me.

DIVERSITY IS IMPORTANT. BRANDS ARE NOW BEING LOOKED AT BY A GLOBAL COMMUNITY, NOT JUST BY A SECTOR. So every brand should be able to represent and have consumers who see themselves in the product, otherwise they alienate people.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A BULL IN CHINA SHOP, JUST ASK QUESTIONS. Ask the tastemakers and influencers, 'why don't we use somebody of a different size or race?' The answer may be no, but I'm a salesman, so I'll keep knocking on the door until somebody hears me, and then maybe change will happen.

WE'RE LIVING IN A WORLD WHERE PEOPLE ARE LOOKING FOR AUTHENTICITY AND STORYTELLING, WHERE MODELS NEED PERSONALITY. To be the face of a brand or even shoot for *GQ*, people want to know someone's story. It's the story that humanises the person. And if [consumers] are turned on by the story, they'll maybe be turned on by whatever's being sold.

THE GOALS OF YOUNG MODELS HAVE CHANGED. It used to be the cover of *Vogue*, *GQ*, now it's all, 'I want to be big in fashion, I want a line of jewellery, I want to write a book, I'm going to be a blogger, I want to be a DJ.' Personally, I think there is also the theory, 'jack of all trades, master of none.' You need to focus on one thing you're good at and go for it.

BELIEVE IN THE WORK – DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE. I've had issues in the past with [managers] who've started to think they're equal in line with the success of their talent. They're not. And I say that to the talent too.

ADMIT TO MISTAKES – THAT, TO ME, IS POWER. A pet peeve is when people make a mistake and then try to rationalise it. What's great is when someone says, 'I fucked up, I'm sorry, let me correct that right away.'

I BELIEVE IN THE RETURN OF THE MALE SUPERMODEL. Maybe it'll be [Australian] Jordan Barrett – he's in that line with Karlie Kloss and Gigi Hadid. In this day and age, I haven't seen a model as potent as Jordan.

IT'S A CLEANER INDUSTRY THESE DAYS, AND A LOT OF MODELS AREN'T INTERESTED IN *THAT* SIDE. Sure, some hit the clubs, but they're not the ones you get to know. The competition is too tough now for any of that behaviour. Nowadays, everyone's in it to find success.

I ALWAYS LOOKED UP TO OPRAH WINFREY. She's someone who found success based on being herself – no one else. And she's a positive person. When other talk shows had families come on and throw chairs, she stayed true to who she was and stayed in a positive space. And I believe in positive energy – only with that does good come.

IT'S IMPERATIVE THAT YOU MOVE, PHYSICALLY, FOR YOUR OWN MENTAL HEALTH. I hit the gym and I also like to cycle from Brooklyn to the office – it's the one opportunity during the day I have to concentrate on myself. Over the Manhattan Bridge, it's exhilarating – and it helps me focus on myself, as my life really does depend on it for those 35 minutes.

> "TO BE THE FACE OF A BRAND OR SHOOT FOR GQ, PEOPLE WANT TO KNOW A MODEL'S STORY."

I HAVE A GREAT AFFINITY FOR AUSTRALIA, ALWAYS HAVE. Peter Allen tried to pick me up at Studio 54 after I snuck in as a 16-year-old. Nothing happened, but I went home and played his records – 'I Still Call Australia Home' has always stuck with me, it's such a moving song.

I SEE SYDNEY AS AN INTERNATIONAL PLAYER. There's just so much opportunity in Australia – people used to leave, and now I know so many who are coming back, and I have so many wanting to work here. ■

WORDS: RICHARD CLUNE.

THE ENGINE ROOM

JUSTIN HEMMES

CEO, MERIVALE

PLANS
"Well, I have to pretend I'm doing something. I actually have no idea what they are... kidding!"

ARTWORK
"I purchased two of these Dale Frank pieces before Ivy opened – the other is in the lobby of building two, and I rotate them. I'm not an avid art collector, I just love the look of it – there's no science to it."

THE OFFICE
"This is where we have meetings. It had to fit in with the holistic design of Ivy – which was '50s LA/Palm Springs. It's a beautiful but simple space; very calming with clean lines so that when I'm stressed, it helps me think. I do believe that in a calmer, more clean environment you'll make better decisions."



INDOOR PLANT
"I have a green thumb and love gardens. Nature is the only thing that is perfect. I love looking after plants and letting them flourish and do what they should. I get pleasure from seeing them healthy and flowering or fruiting. They have such beautiful scents."

SPINNING TOP
"It's a gift from a parting employee who went overseas. He worked in the cellar, as a bar back, and was just a lovely guy. He gave this to me when I was sitting here, and I put it up there and it hasn't moved since. It blends in nicely."

Originally a fashion house owned by the Hemmes family, Merivale has morphed into a lavish portfolio of 50-plus Sydney restaurants, bars, pubs and hotels worth an estimated $1bn. Here, in Ivy's entertainment complex, the 42-year-old discusses his hands-on design ethos and the clean construct of his daily creative space.

AWARD
"That's an AHA [Australian Hotels Association] 'Hall of Fame' Award. It was a special one to receive – I was at the event with Dad, which was nice."

BOOK
"This collection of Helmut Newton portraits was inspiration for when I was doing Ivy, so it's relevant to here."

HEADDRESS
"That's JK's [Jamiroquai's] 'hat'. He was here with Sony doing a charity auction and I bid for some items, then we became mates and hung out. We had some fun times – like *nothing* I've experienced."

WORDS: RICHARD CLUNE. PHOTOGRAPHY: FIONA SUSANTO.



STAINLESS STEEL 'SEAMASTER 300' WATCH, $7750, BY **OMEGA.**

AHEAD OF THE TIMES

A LOOK AT HOW A MARKET LEADER LIKE OMEGA REMAINS AT THE TOP OF THE GAME.

Having style is all well and good, though it's articulated in a wealth of ways and subjectively picked apart by observers. However, add innovation and substance to the mix and you have the ultimate trifecta – an elusive triple crown of branding that tips another well-known trinity, one found in a dusty old playbook starring JC.

As Jesus said in Revelations 22.13, "I am the Alpha and the Omega." No, he wasn't referring to an Italian roadster or Swiss watchmaker, but he may as well have been.

Some may wail at the prospect of dragging the Big Man into business, but we're talking the ultimate in family organisation; one echoed by the Brandt clan, who turned a small workshop in La Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland, founded in 1848, into the global Omega behemoth, a company that, as early as 1903, boasted 800 employees and produced a quarter of a million watches annually.

Spooling through the brand's rich history – a tale linked to various British armed services, space missions, James Bond and official Olympic timekeeper duties

"THIS WATCH HAS EVERYTHING. IT'S A SHOWCASE OF EVERYTHING THAT OMEGA STANDS FOR ON THE WRIST."

LIQUIDMETAL
Back in 2009, GQ was quick to reveal Omega's Liquidmetal alloy technology. For the metallurgists among us, it's a metallic material with a disordered, non-crystalline atomic structure, which has a hardness three times that of stainless steel, and it to bond seamlessly with the Seamaster 300's ceramic bezel. A lot of effort, for an almost simple finish to the indices on the bezel, but when you see and feel it, you'll notice that the premium finish means indices won't fall out or catch dirt, and are highly scratch-resistant.

WORDS: ANDREW McUTCHEN.

THE GQ GLOSSARY

The new Omega 'Seamaster 300' co-axial is a marriage of Omega's key product innovation, research and development over the first part of this decade. Partly an effort to push boundaries in creating the most accurate and high-performance mechanical watch through its 'Master Co-Axial' movement, but also a desire to create sublime wrist bling through innovative materials (which bind precious metals with ceramic) for a look and touch that must be worn to be appreciated. Here's why the new 'Seamaster 300' wins, hands down, when it comes to bragging rights.

EXTENDABLE BRACELET
The 'Seamaster 300 Master Co-Axial' has a patented rack-and-pusher clasp for easy adjustments. Change the length by releasing the clasp, pressing a button and sliding the inner clasp to your desired fit.

MASTER CO-AXIAL MOVEMENT
For a while, Omega has hung its hat on co-axial calibres, designed to re-define the brand's mechanical watch movements. Though too complex to explain exact workings, it's easy to point out the benefits of less sliding friction and greater mechanical efficiency. In essence, you'll always be on time. The 'Master Co-Axial' calibres in the new 'Seamaster 300' take that a step further as they're resistant to magnetic fields greater that 15,000 gauss. So when in the throws of international espionage, your timing won't be put off by arch villains.



CERAGOLD
Following on from the simplicity and innovation of Liquidmetal comes OMEGA Ceragold, taking the technology a step further to so ceramic watch parts can be decorated with 18ct gold. Right on trend as more and more brands meld precious metals with high-tech materials such as ceramic, Kevlar and high-grade plastics.

SEDNA GOLD
From homewares to high-end jewellery, copper is everywhere and Omega's Sedna Gold alloy beautifully blends the colour with 18ct gold and the toughness of palladium. It's definitely a look for the times (sorry).

since 1932 – and one arrives at its greatest offering yet, the 'Seamaster 300'.

Building on the original 1957 Seamaster's legacy, it quite literally ticks every box. From a unidirectional rotating bezel with black dial, lighter indices and large hands and numerals, to a cutting-edge co-axial movement as well as the use of Liquidmetal or Ceragold technology to make the bezel shiny (but practically unscratchable), the 'Seamaster 300' is a combination of inheritance and innovation.

In pitching a new luxe piece to market (with price tag to match), Omega knew it had to do more than reimagine mid-century cool. Aficionados would expect greater depth than just being able to dive to 300 metres without fearing what would happen to their wristwear – Omega knew that too. And acted accordingly.

Enter Sedna gold, an optional – and fully patented – burnished alloy of gold, copper and palladium that serves as both a frame and housing. Then there's the revolutionary step of dispensing with the anti-magnetic casing on the 15,000 gauss 'Aqua Terra' model in favour of a mechanism which itself counters the effect magnetic fields have on accuracy.

This is watch porn, and because Omega understands the voyeurism its technology will (and should) inspire, its design includes a sapphire caseback that reveals the technology's throbbing heart.

After years of waiting, wringing hands at each Baselworld that it wasn't re-released, cause for celebration came last year. The '300' was back – not just in a range of materials and pricepoints, but on the wrist of Omega president, Stephen Urquhart.

Why, of all the stunning pieces released that year – the 'Grey Side of the Moon' or the 'De Ville Trésor' George Clooney wore on his wedding day – did Urquhart choose a two-tone Sedna gold model for all media appearances?

"This watch," he said, holding it up to the light, "has everything. It does everything. It's a showcase of everything that Omega stands for on the wrist."

Can we get an amen?

The 41mm Seamaster 300 is available in a range of metallic materials including stainless steel, 950 platinum, grade-5 titanium and 18ct Sedna gold. Also, two-tone options pairing grade-5 titanium and 18ct Sedna gold or stainless steel and 18ct Sedna.

'SEAMASTER 300' BY NUMBERS

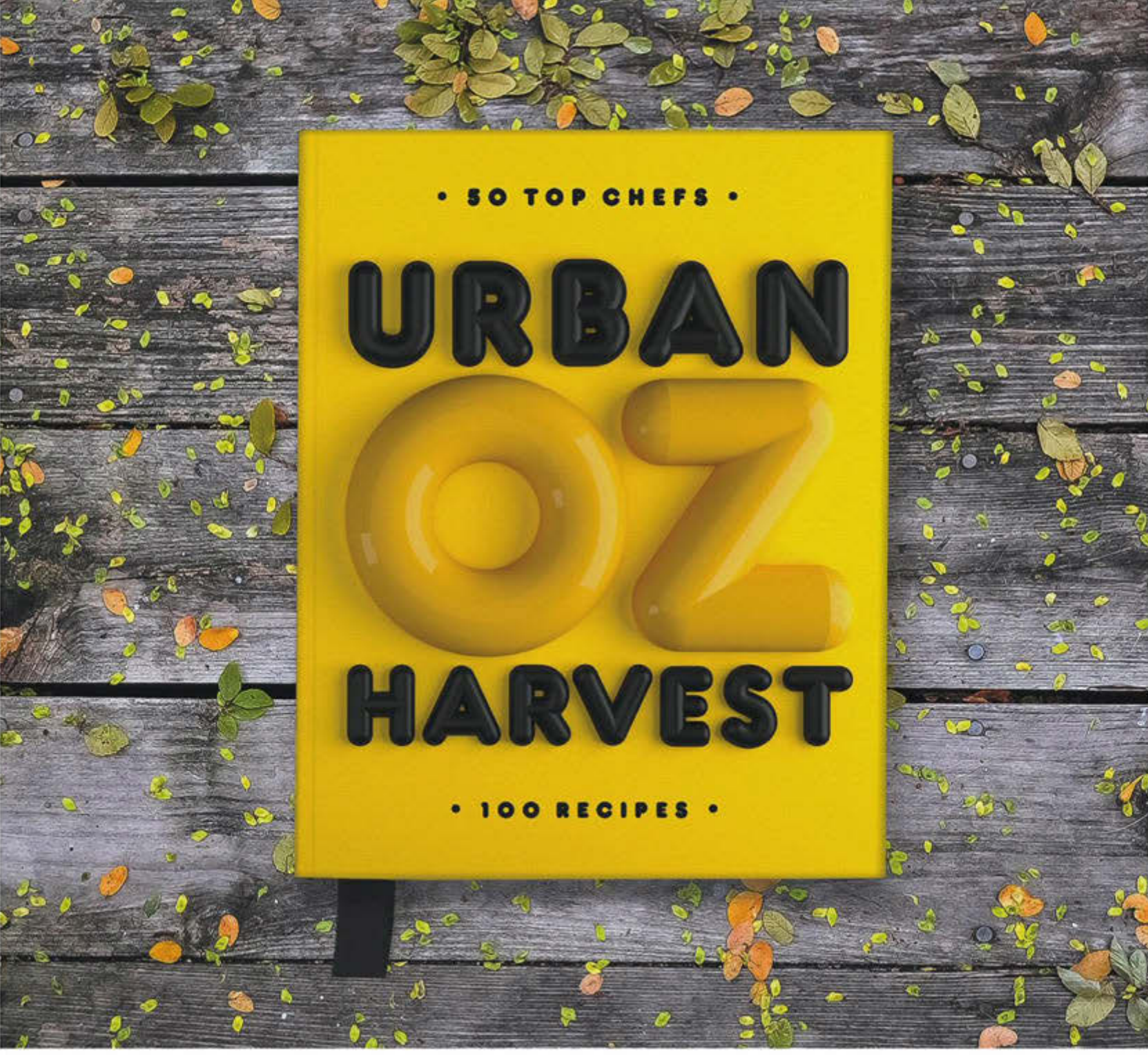
58
YEARS SINCE THE '300' WAS FIRST INTRODUCED

6
POSITIONS THE NEWLY-PATENTED RACK-AND-PUSHER CLASP CAN ADJUST TO

30
BAR THE WATCH IS RESISTANT TO, EQUIVALENT TO 300m

24
HOURS THE BEZEL RINGS ARE BAKED AT 1400°C. THE PROCESS IS CALLED SINTERING

18
CARAT OF GOLD IN OMEGA'S PATENTED 'CERAGOLD', WHICH IS THE FIRST TECHNOLOGY TO BOND SOLID 18ct GOLD WITH CERAMIC

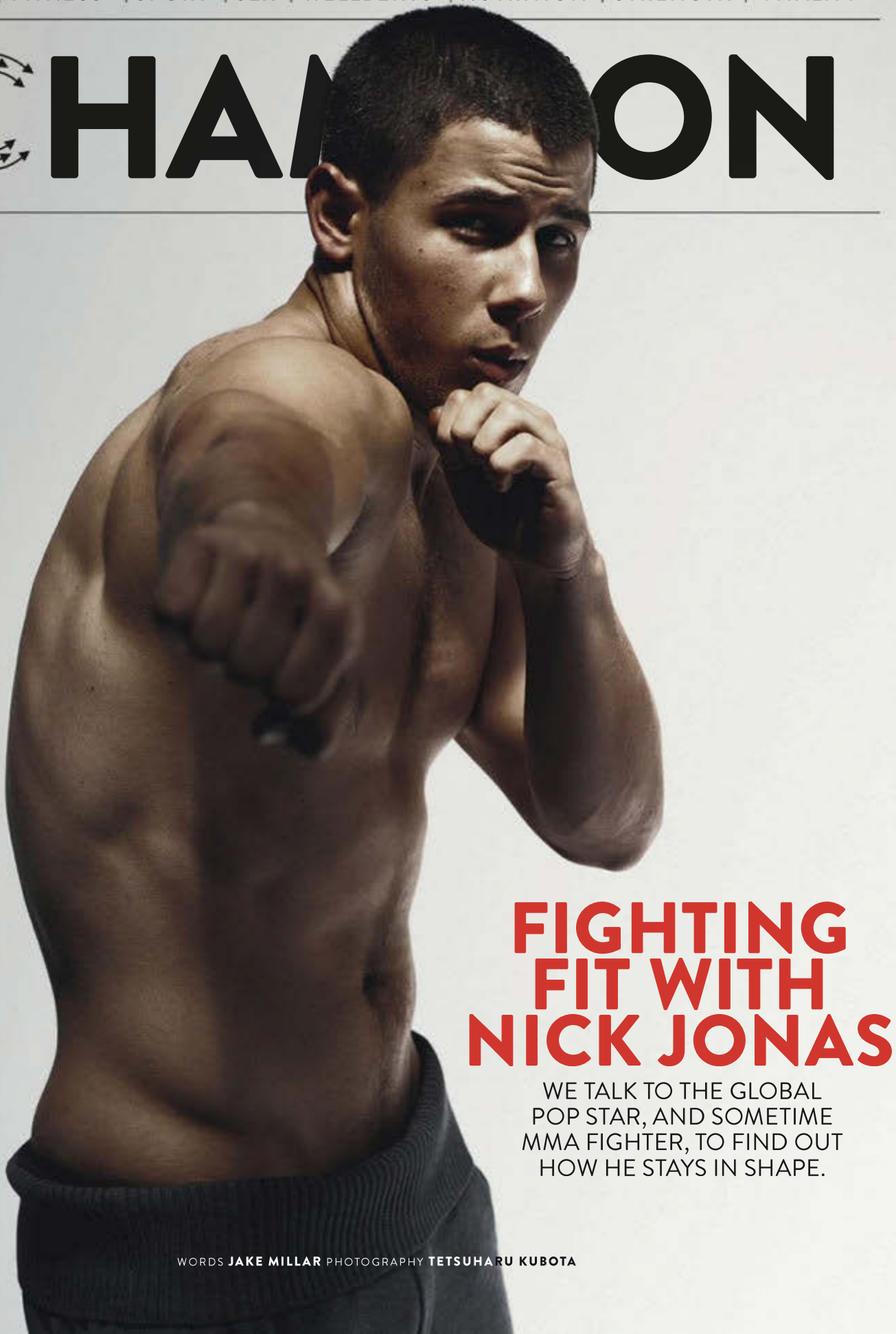


THE NEW COOKBOOK FROM OZHARVEST

THE GIFT THAT KEEPS ON GIVING
AVAILABLE FOR $60.00 AT OZHARVEST.ORG/COOKBOOK

OzHarvest rescues good quality surplus food and redistributes it to vulnerable Australians.

CHAMPION



FIGHTING FIT WITH NICK JONAS

WE TALK TO THE GLOBAL POP STAR, AND SOMETIME MMA FIGHTER, TO FIND OUT HOW HE STAYS IN SHAPE.

WORDS **JAKE MILLAR** PHOTOGRAPHY **TETSUHARU KUBOTA**



Nick Jonas has come a long way. The world first heard of him as one third of The Jonas Brothers, that squeaky-clean, purity-ring-wearing trio who went on to sell 20 million albums. Seriously. He's since branched out on his own, been linked to everyone from Delta Goodrem to a pre-Bieber Selena Gomez, and is now dating Miss Universe hottie Olivia Culpo. In proper Disney-star coming-of-age style, he's also stripped down for Calvin Klein and recently beefed up for a role as an MMA fighter in hit TV show *Kingdom*.

We caught up with the busy 22-year-old to find out how he keeps fit on tour because, quite frankly, we've got no idea how he manages it all.

FITNESS

"Being on the road makes it hard to hit the gym. When I was training for the show, it was two workouts a day, plus fight training. Now, if I get two workouts in a week I'm doing pretty well. To be honest, I don't love to work out, I actually dread it, but I enjoy the results and I like having a goal. Training for *Kingdom*, I really enjoyed the fight training, specifically jujitsu. I felt boxing was a little tiresome because I'm not a massive fan of cardio, but beyond the physical aspect, jujitsu is also an interesting mind game."

BREAKFAST

"In the morning, I'll have some fruit before a workout then after I'll have an eggwhite omelette with turkey bacon and tomato. Lean protein is kind of my go-to. I'll have some carbs in the morning but that's pretty much it for the rest of the day."

DIET

"I rely on other people because I'm a really terrible cook. Almost 10 years ago, I was diagnosed as a Type-1 diabetic so for most of my teens and adult life there's been a necessity to eat fairly healthy. But you can't always eat a perfectly clean meal when travelling, so I can get down with some pizza and cheeseburgers too – though I feel pretty crappy afterwards."

PUSH YOURSELF

"It is less about how many hours you do, and more about the mental state you're in. I'm the sort of person

"I DON'T LOVE TO WORK OUT, I ACTUALLY DREAD IT, BUT I ENJOY THE RESULTS AND I LIKE HAVING A GOAL."

who can just go through the motions at the gym, but when you're really ambitious and want to build muscle or get leaner, that's when you see results. It's a bit of a cliché but it's true. Going to the gym can become really, really pedestrian, so you need to push yourself."

SLEEP

"Planes are where I get my sleep, but I can generally get by with a few hours a night. Sleeping a lot is important when you're trying to build muscle, but this year I've been so insanely busy, with lots of morning shows and interviews, I've just had to power through the day. I find if I get at least five hours, I can function at a pretty high level." ■

EXTRA WORDS: JONATHAN GOODAIR. PHOTOGRAPHY: BEN RIGGOTT; ALAMY. STYLING: HOLLY ROBERTS. MODEL: ANDREW HULME AT STORM. GROOMING: AMY CONLEY.



SUPERSTAR NICK JONAS PRACTISES JUJITSU TO STAY IN SHAPE.

GET STRONGER SHOULDERS

GIVE THE DELTOIDS A LIFT AND BUILD A HEAD-TURNING UPPER FRAME WITH THIS FOUR-WEEK WORKOUT.

TARGET
FOUR ROUNDS OF THREE EXERCISES, WITH TWO-MINUTE RECOVERIES BETWEEN CIRCUITS.



1 LATERAL RAISES
Pre-exhaust isolation of six reps, reduce weight by 5kg and perform six more reps, reduce weight by 5kg and perform six more. Standing with feet hip-width apart, raise arms out, up and slightly forwards to shoulder height, while rotating arms a little so upper arm and dumbbells are parallel to floor. Elbows are slightly higher than wrists at top of movement. Slowly return to start position over three seconds.

BONUS CIRCUIT

WORKOUT A	WORKOUT B
KETTLEBELL SWING · 10 reps using a 20kg weight · 10 seconds rest between sets Feet turned out and aligned with thighs and back flat, hold the kettlebell with a two-handed overhand grip. Squat to parallel, pulling the kettlebell between legs and drive up, swinging it forward and up to head height. Time: three to four minutes	**TABATA SPRINTS** · 8 reps of 20 seconds · 10 seconds rest between sets Sprinting all-out on the spot, ensure knees are high and your posture is tall, lifting up through the crown of your head and keeping chest high. Pump arms to raise the intensity. Time: four minutes



2 ARNOLD SHOULDER PRESSES
Compound of 10 reps. Seated on a bench with back support in an upright position, hold the dumbbells at shoulder level with palms facing your chest and elbows close, dumbbells touching. Bracing with the abdominals, simultaneously open elbows and raise dumbbells overhead in a smooth and even movement until arms are straight and palms face forward. Slowly return to start position over three seconds, reversing movement.



3 UPRIGHT ROWS
Pre-exhaust compound of 10 reps. Standing feet hip-width apart with an overhand grip on the bar – slightly narrower than shoulder width – lead with elbows and raise the bar to just under your chin, keeping it close to the body throughout. Slowly return to start position over three seconds.

VITAL STATISTIC | BESIDES INVENTING THE KINSEY SCALE, RENOWNED SEXOLOGIST ALFRED KINSEY ALSO HAD A HATRED OF POTATOES.

SEX UPDATE

MIND OVER MANHOOD

Performance anxiety is similar to having a Pitbull song stuck in your head – the less you try to think about it, the greater the possibility of slipping into a hopeless spiral.

But hope is at hand. "Use your senses – sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell – to focus on being in the moment," says Dr Christopher Fox, chair for the Society of Australian Sexologists. "It reduces the chance of being distracted by any demons." Concentrate only on the taste of their lips and skin; enjoy the way their hands feel on your body; breathe more slowly, and deeper, to relax. See? It's not that, *ahem*, hard.

Then again, what goes up must come down. The refractory period – the time from one orgasm to another – differs from man to man, and even if your partner's keen to go again, sometimes they'll just have to wait.

"Some can get an erection 15-20 minutes post-orgasm," says Dr Fox, "it's so variable – a mixture of hormones released during and after ejaculation, tiredness and muscle fatigue." So if you're not gifted with a superhuman recharge rate, take comfort in the fact it's really not your fault.



SEX SPEAK

Sextruption (n.)

THE UNCOMFORTABLE MOMENT WHEN A SEXTING SESSION IS INTERRUPTED BY REAL LIFE – SUCH AS ANOTHER MESSAGE COMING THROUGH, USUALLY FROM YOUR MOTHER.

SIRI FOR SEX

THE VOICE OF 'iOS' MIGHT BE ABLE TO DIRECT YOU TO THE BANK, BUT THE DULCET TONES OF BLINDFOLD'S 'ANGELINA' – THE FIRST DIGITAL FOREPLAY ASSISTANT – CAN MAKE FOR A VERY SATISFIED LADY. EACH MONTH, A NEW DOWNLOADABLE AUDIO CLIP GIVES 20 MINUTES OF REAL-TIME FOREPLAY INSTRUCTIONS TO FOLLOW WITH A PARTNER. OCCASIONALLY LEANING ON THE SIDE OF FLIGHT-SAFETY DEMO ('NOW RETURN TO THE UPRIGHT POSITION'), IT'S FULL OF HANDY SKILLS TO BOAST YOUR REPERTOIRE.
APPROX. $25 A MONTH; BLINDFOLD.CLUB

Three New Sex Toys

PICKED – AND DECODED – WITH HELP FROM ELLE BLACK, FOUNDER OF AUSTRALIAN ADULT E-TAILER MIMI DE LUXE.

1

The Guybrator
You could mistake it for a phone case but that would be a waste. 'Pulse II Solo' first launched in 2013 as a masturbation aid inclusive of men with erectile dysfunction, as you don't need to be hard to use it. Today, 'Solo' has upgraded to 'Duo', a vibrating surface added to pleasure a partner while wearing it (who says men can't multi-task?). The selling point is how it moves: a back and forth oscillation, targeted at the frenulum. During sex, stick to shallow-entry positions. *Hot Octopuss 'Pulse II Duo', $180; mimideluxe.com/au*

2



The Electro-stimulator
It may look medical but it won't be in the possession of many GPs (we hope). Strapped to fingertips, the pads vibrate (like a classic sex toy) and electro-stimulate – a BDSM favourite set to hit the mainstream. Current travels through the body and stimulates nerves, the goal reaching stronger orgasms. How does it feel? Tingly, then throbbing – crank it up and you'll hit the pleasure/pain boundary. Safe to use internally and externally. *Jimmyjane 'Hello Touch X', $180; mimideluxe.com/au*

3

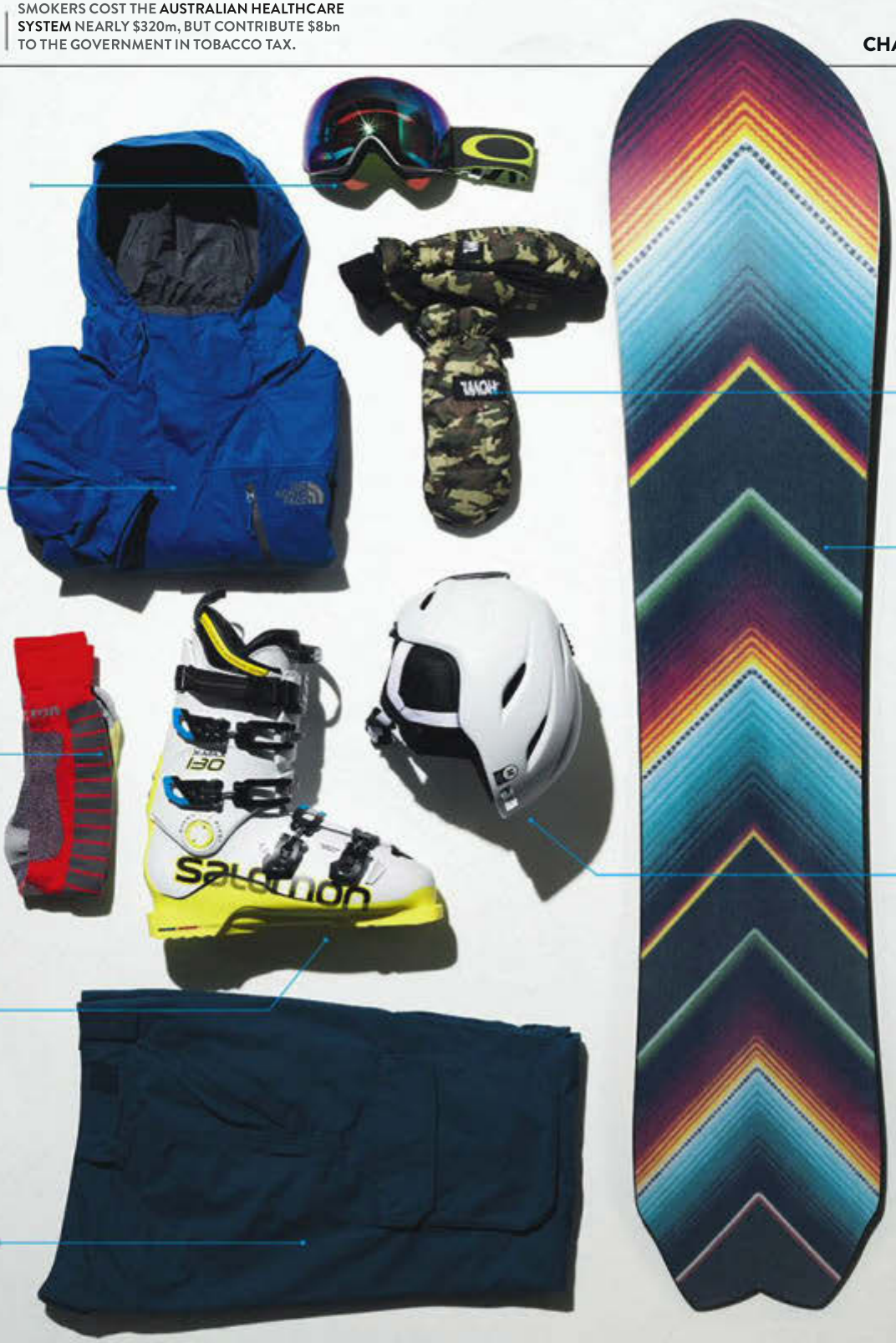


The Top-drawer Aid
Californian brand Sensuva only makes arousal products, so knows its niche. Designed for massages, oral sex, masturbation and intercourse, this is slippery – not sticky – and contains tea-tree extract, a natural ingredient that kills bacteria. A healthier sex life for $40? We're in. *Sensuva 'HandiPop' Massage Gel, $39.95; mimideluxe.com/au*

WORDS: GEMMA ASKHAM.

SNOW ESSENTIALS

WITH AUSTRALIA SET FOR SOME DECENT DOWNFALLS, IT'S NOW TIME TO GET BLACK-RUN READY.



'PRIZM FLIGHT DECK' SKI GOGGLES, $230, BY OAKLEY
There's a degree of sci-fi chic about these. Plus optimum visibility, enough peripheral vision to avoid collisions and air vents to prevent fogging up.

NYLON 'VARIUS GUIDE' JACKET, $320, BY NORTH FACE
Three things make a good snow jacket: warmth, waterproofing and style. That this also stands out from the pack puts it in the 'excellent' range.

MERINO WOOL 'PHASE' SOCKS, $39.99, BY BURTON
Nothing ruins a day on the slopes like a set of numb toes. These guys provide cushioning, ease of movement and ultra-wicking fabric.

'X-MAX 130' SKI BOOTS, $850, BY SALOMON
Light, responsive and comfortable – the supercar of ski boots. And the shell resists abrasion so they look new for longer.

NYLON 'THE LIFTY CARGO' PANTS, $200, BY NORTH FACE
Given you'll spend some time on your *derrière*, 100 per cent nylon strides are essential for keeping dry. The pockets are handy for quick access – negating the hassle of unzipping a jacket.

LEATHER-BLEND '2015 JED MITT' GLOVES, $89.95, BY HOWL
Following the trend of camo everything, these gloves are lined with polar fleece and come with adjustable wrist tabs to keep hands toasty, even in *really* cold conditions.

FIBREGLASS '2015 FISH' SNOWBOARD, $700, BY BURTON
We're big fans of the Missoni-style design, but what really whets the appetite is the swallow-tail shape that promises increased acceleration and tighter turning.

'NINE. 10' HELMET, $170, BY GIRO
With four internal mouldings for optimum fit, and 15 vents for air circulation, this is what's required from a helmet – maximum protection, with the comfort of a trucker cap. Only more flair.

THE APP
Heading to Thredbo? Then download the free My Thredbo App. It updates weather conditions, notifies when certain runs and lifts are open and crunches your ski stats too. It also sets a powder alarm, sending an alert when a desired number of centimetres has dropped. *thredbo.com.au/mobile*

WORDS: DAVID SMIEDT. PHOTOGRAPHY: EDWARD URRUTIA. *FOR STOCKIST DETAILS, SEE P158.



WHERE TO BUY

SEE SOMETHING YOU LIKE? HEAD THIS WAY.

A

A-Esque *a-esque.com*
A/X Armani Exchange 03 9600 4888
Acne Studios *acnestudios.com*
Adidas *adidas.com.au*
Apple *apple.com*
Aquila 03 8412 9800
Arthur Galan 02 9238 9111

B

Ball 02 9363 1088
Bally 1800 781 851
Bang & Olufsen *bang-olufsen.com*
Bassike 02 8457 6882
Ben Sherman 02 8306 3338
Bonds *bonds.com.au*
BOSS Menswear 03 9474 6330
BOSS Orange 03 9474 6330
Brando *brando.com.au*
Breitling 02 9221 7177
Brooks Brothers *brooksbrothers.com.au*
Burberry 02 8296 8588
Burton *stmonline.com.au; balmoralboards.com.au*
By Lassen *fredishere.com.au*

C

Calibre *calibre.com.au*
Calvin Klein Jeans 1300 131 701
Cambridge 1800 128 900
Clif Bar *clifbar.com.au*
Converse *converse.com.au*
Country Road 1800 801 911

D

Dan Hocking *spacefurniture.com.au*
David Jones 133 357
Diesel 03 8842 9452
Dior Homme 02 9229 4600
Dolce & Gabbana 03 9662 4732

F

Farage *farage.com.au*
Feit *feitdirect.com*
Frederique Constant 02 9363 1088

G

G-Star *g-star.com*
Gant 03 9340 5200
Garmin *garmin.com*
Giorgio Armani 02 8233 5888
Girard-Perregaux 02 9363 1088
Giro *stmonline.com.au*
GoPro *gopro.com*
Gucci 1300 442 878
Gucci Eyewear 02 9540 0500

H

H&M 1800 828 002
Hardy Amies 03 9827 3900
Healy Optical 02 9420 3200
Hermès 02 9287 3200
Homecamp *homecamp.com.au*
Howl *balmoralboards.com.au*
Hugo Boss 03 9474 6330

J

Jac+Jack 02 9380 6630
Jack London *shop.jacklondon.com.au*

K

Ksubi *ksubieye.com*

L

Levi's *levis.com.au*
Longines 03 8844 3300
Louis Vuitton 1300 883 880

M

Marcs *marcs.com.au*
MJ Bale 02 8208 8800
Montblanc 1300 364 810
Mr Porter *mrporter.com*

N

North Face *northface.com.au*
Nudie Jeans 02 9699 7399

O

Oakley *oakley.com.au*
Olympus *olympus.com.au*
Omega 02 8080 9696
OPSM 1800 626 300
Orbitkey *orbitkey.com*
OtterBox *otterbox.com*

P

Paul Smith 02 9331 8222
Persol *sunglasshut.com.au*
Prada 02 9223 1688

R

Ralph Lauren 03 9530 4074
Raymond Weil 02 9363 1088
RM Williams *rmwilliams.com.au*
Rockport 02 8306 3330
Rodd & Gunn 1800 008 658
Rollas *rollas.com.au*

S

Saba *saba.com.au*
Salomon *stmonline.com.au*
Salvatore Ferragamo 1300 095 224
Samsung *samsung.com*
Sand *sandcopenhagen.com*
Spring Court *springcourt.com.au*
Strand Hatters 02 9231 6884
Sunglass Hut 1800 556 926

T

TM Lewin 02 8197 1898
TAG Heuer 1800 809 915
Ted Baker 1300 786 896
The Academy Brand 02 9326 9878
The Stables *wearethestables.com*
Thom Browne *thombrowneeyewear.com*
Tiffany & Co 1800 731 131
Tod's 02 8203 0901
Topman 02 8072 9300
Trenery *trenery.com.au*

U

Uniform Wares *uniformwares.com*
Uniqlo *uniqlo.com/au*

V

Vanishing Elephant *vanishingelephant.com*
Victorinox *victorinox.com*

W

West Elm *westelm.com.au*
Windsor Smith 03 9484 4995
WitcheryMan 1800 033 465

Y

Yves Saint Laurent *ysl.com/au*

Z

Zara Man 02 9376 7600

#

4 Pines *4pinesbeer.com.au*
7 For All Mankind 03 9020 4324

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LIFE AQUATIC

The Breitling 'Superocean II' is an underwater explorer's dream. The latest generation of the line features a redesigned dial and bezel, rubber strap and the addition of a 36mm version. Water resistant up to 500m, it offers peerless style, precision and performance. *breitling.com*



GO FOR GOLD

Spoil someone special with a statement piece from the Georg Jensen 'Fusion' collection. Featuring bold silhouettes and various combinations of white, cinnamon or black diamonds paired with white, yellow or red gold, these striking pieces are set to become modern classics. *georgjensen.com*



IN THE FRAME

The new Giorgio Armani 'Frames of Life' combine clean lines and a keyhole bridge for a polished retro look. The minimalist style is inspired by the classic Armani eyewear archive. From selected OPSM stores; *opsm.com.au*



IN IT TO WIN IT

A fresh, aromatic and woody oriental fragrance with a top note emulating the Americano cocktail – a favourite of James Bond – Davidoff 'The Brilliant Game' opens a new chapter in the brand's popular 'The Game' saga. Stack the chips in your favour with just one spritz of this powerful aroma. *zinodavidoff.com*

THE BIG REVEAL

Combining its signature note of raw salt with a rush of crystallised ginger and velvety vetiver, Calvin Klein 'Reveal' for men is a modern and powerfully-masculine fragrance with a distinct identity. Call 1800 812 663 for stockists or visit *myer.com.au*





THE ACTION MEN

Swiss-made watches have long been recognised as the world's best. Current standouts include the Bell & Ross 'Rafale' (pictured) and the Edox 'Chronodakar Limited Edition 2015'. Both take cues from the high-stakes world of performance machines – the Bell & Ross 'Rafale' pays homage to the fighter jet it is named after, while the Edox 'Chronodakar Limited Edition 2015' is the official watch of this year's Dakar Rally. For stockists, call (03) 9572 9820.

C'EST CHIC

As the local representation of an iconic French brand, Daniel Hechter Australia presents shoppers with the latest menswear trends direct from Paris. The label is distributed through retail outlets across Australia and New Zealand and also has dedicated, full-collection stores in Melbourne, Perth and Adelaide. For more information, visit *facebook.com/danielhechteraustralia*



OPEN LETTER

DEAR MOVIE STUDIOS,

WE HEAR YOU. PROFITS AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE.

MEN WHO USED TO FLOCK TO THE CINEMA WITH THEIR WIFE, SIX KIDS AND THREE TONNES OF POPCORN ARE NOW STAYING HOME. INSTEAD OF GOING OUT AND PAYING GOOD MONEY TO WATCH THE LIKES OF KEVIN SPACEY PLAY A CANTANKEROUS, SLIGHTLY PSYCHOPATHIC CHARACTER IN *AMERICAN BEAUTY*, THEY'RE ON THEIR COUCH WATCHING KEVIN SPACEY PLAY A CANTANKEROUS, SLIGHTLY PSYCHOPATHIC CHARACTER IN *HOUSE OF CARDS*. TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

THEN *FROZEN* CAME ALONG. AS WELL AS RAKING IN OPRAH-GRADE DOLLARS AT THE BOX OFFICE, IT UNCOVERED WHAT THE MUSIC INDUSTRY HAS KNOWN FOR YEARS: THE REAL VALUE IS IN MERCHANDISE. AND SO CAME THE DELUGE: *FROZEN* FIGURINES, CLOTHING, COSTUMES, SEATBELTS, TOILET SEATS (NOT EVEN JOKING) – THE MONEY RAINED IN. THE GOOD OLD DAYS WERE BACK.

WITH COUNTLESS SUPERHERO AND CARTOON MOVIES IN THE WORKS, THERE MUST BE LITERALLY MILLIONS OF OPPORTUNITIES TO TURN ON-SCREEN CHARACTERS INTO REAL-LIFE CASH. *CATERPILLAR MAN*? IS THAT A THING? IT IS NOW. THE ONLY LIMITS ARE IMAGINATION, AND JUST HOW FAR INTO THE BARREL SCREENWRITERS ARE WILLING TO REACH – AND LET'S FACE IT, THAT'S A VERY LONG WAY INDEED. CHA-CHING.

BUT WHY STOP THERE? YOU'RE NO STRANGERS TO THE FLAGRANT MILKING OF A CASH COW, AND RIGHT NOW PASTURES ARE FULL OF THEM: IN THE NEXT COUPLE OF MONTHS ALONE, YOU HAVE *JURASSIC WORLD*, *ENTOURAGE*, *MINIONS*, *TED 2* AND *TERMINATOR GENISYS*. WATCHING 3D DINOSAURS RUNNING AROUND ON SCREEN IS ONE THING, BUT THINK OF ALL THE KIDULTS DYING TO ENJOY A LOVELY PLASTIC VERSION IN THE COMFORT OF THEIR LIVING ROOM, FOR $200 A POP? OR TO DRESS UP AS A CAST MEMBER FROM *MAGIC MIKE XXL* THIS HALLOWEEN? STAYING TRUE TO THE FILM, THE COSTUMES WOULD ALSO BE OF THE RIP-OFF VARIETY.

BUT THAT'S JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG – IT'S TIME TO THINK OUTSIDE THE BOX. FUN FACT: *ENTOURAGE* STAR ADRIAN GRENIER IS A TALENTED MUSICIAN AND USED TO BE THE DRUMMER IN A BAND CALLED THE HONEY BROTHERS. YEP, WE CAN HEAR YOUR BRAIN PROCESSING THIS – A FULL LINE OF GRENIER-APPROVED MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS MUST SURELY BE IN THE WORKS. AFTER SEEING HIM ALONGSIDE THE LIKES OF ALICE EVE AND EMILY RATAJKOWSKI, WHO WOULDN'T WANT TO RUSH HOME AND HAVE A BASH? MONEY IN THE BANK.

THERE'S JOHN TRAVOLTA SPRAY-ON HAIR, TOM CRUISE-APPROVED PLATFORM BOOTS, JOHNNY DEPP FRILLY SHIRTS, A FULL RANGE OF NICOLAS CAGE BOUNCY CASTLES, AND JUDGING BY THE STATE OF HIS FACE, MICKEY ROURKE HAS CLEARLY BEEN WORKING ON A LINE OF RUBBER MASKS FOR A WHILE NOW.

ARMED WITH OUR SMARTS AND YOUR LACK OF SHAME, THE POSSIBILITIES FOR MAKING SOME SERIOUS *DINERO* ARE ENDLESS. JUST BE SURE TO SEND US OUR CUT.

YOURS GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY

WORDS JAKE MILLAR

JUNE/JULY 2015

GQ

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